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NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

July 16, 1940

Mexico's Critical Hour

"I saw the shooting begin on election morning"

by JOSEPH NORTH

Canada's Civil Liberties

"There aren't any," says Joseph Starobin

Challenge to Liberals

by Carey McWilliams

CORLISS LAMONT, FRANK J. WALLACE, ALVAH BESSIE, SORIANO

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Between Ourselves

IF WE were the modest sort—the armchair type with carpet slippers and an old smelly pipe—we'd never say a word about last week's issue of NM. In particular we would fail to mention the stir caused by Joe North's piece about Mexico, which arrived in an envelope covered with airmail and special delivery stamps just two minutes before NM's deadline, and therefore was as up-to-the-minute as a dispatch from Mexico City to the New York *Times*—and much more truthful. We also would omit the praises which literally showered down—adjectives such as "timely," "lucid," "invaluable," and "swell," all tossed in Joe's direction—and without cost. If we had the money, we'd buy a full page ad in the newspapers, like the "Satevepost" or Mr. MacFadden's *True Stories,* and tell the world. We have, however, just 23 cents in the pocket of our $1.98 slacks and that is not quite enough.

Last week's issue, however, wasn't all Joe North, as we have been reminded. Many NM readers thought that piece on gold by Frank J. Wallace was just about the best on that tiresome, and valuable subject that has been printed. A flock of Ruth McKenney fans have been phoning and writing, asking if Ruth is just a passing visitor or a permanent guest in our columns. Ruth is a permanent guest, we beg to inform all and sundry; she is welcome to eat us out of house and home as long as she continues to write those scintillating weekly essays on life and politics.

As for our other contributors to that four-star issue of July 9, A. B. Magil, Theodore Draper, and Corliss Lamont came in for dozens of whoops. One reader, a newspaperman who has been covering politics for years, wrote that Magil's story on the Republican convention was "a honey, the best yet." Barbara Giles, who is in Memphis covering the American Newspaper Guild convention, is wearing a laurel wreath for a hat as a result of her ribbing of Dotty Thompson's dotty column.

But enough of this self-praise. Now for a good raking over of the glowing coals which keep NM's engines going. Joe North's articles do not come to us by carrier pigeon or mental telepathy. Joe, in the flesh, is in Mexico City; it cost several hundred dollars to send him there. This week you will also note that Joe Starobin writes his first piece about Canada. And Canada, may we remind you, is a country at war, with soldiers, bands, martial spirit, and all the accouterments of days of glory, including terrorism, censorship, and prison cells. Joe S., like Joe N., has had to be transported up north of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. He has had to travel hither and yon in search of members of the legislature, workers, trade union leaders, and just plain people, including some of those stalwart fighters for peace who have been literally driven underground.

You are probably way ahead of us, but in order for you to enjoy and profit from the observations of Joe North in Mexico City, Joe Starobin in underground Canada, Barbara Giles in Ed Crump's Memphis—we've had to dig down into the deepest recesses of the old sock. What we are getting at, circuitously and gently, is that the summer financial doldrum is upon us. Money is not tinkling into the coffer. Greenbacks are not crinkling as the business office opens the morning mail. Soon those pay envelopes may not be circulating on Friday afternoons and Joe North may have to walk home.

Not to change the subject, W. S. C. regrets, all the way from Los Angeles, that not enough people read NM and too many the Hearst-Chandler press. From Akron, O., and from Cathedral Heights, NYC, come suggestions for chain letters to defeat conscription. An NM reader in Joplin, Mo., wants more factual material concerning the steel trust's sale of metals to Hitler during the past two years.

NM, you see, wanders far and wide. From coast to coast, from south of the border and north of it, too—NM is there, in spirit, in person. And much as we are overjoyed at the reception given our past issues—don't forget that money keeps NM alive and moving. If you can't contribute, sell $1 subscriptions. If you're on your way to resortland, see that NM follows you by mail. The past of NM has been bright; now for the future. We yield the floor to you.

You may, for instance, cool off on the evening of August 2, and aid NM at the same time. An affair, quaintly called a Swingswim, is scheduled for that Friday evening by the Friends of NM at the Lido pool, the largest outdoor body of water on West 146th Street between Seventh and Lenox Avenues. If you're not swimming you may dance on the terrace or recline in deck chairs. But you will find us there in person and in the flesh, clad in a bathing suit two sizes too small, which we haven't tried on since 1934; not to mention the other members of the editorial staff and as many of our contributors as we can find in the city. No speeches, lots of laughs, and water enough to surround a good-sized island is our guarantee. And NM will get a cut on every ticket sold.

Zero Hour Postscript: *Just now a messenger boy brought the wire sent by Joe North from Mexico City. It jolted us right out of our easy chair—and the rest of the staff, too. It's an inside story of the Almazan riots, of murder and death, written as only Joe can write. One old-timer who happened by remarked that Joe's reports remind him of John Reed's dispatches from Mexico quarter of a century ago. Start reading and keep going—and by the way: the second Joe North article, which follows the one by wire, came by mail twenty-four hours earlier. It's a honey too.*

Who's Who

JOSEPH STAROBIN is an editorial writer on NM, specializing in foreign affairs. He has just returned from a trip to Canada and presents this week the first of a series of articles on Canada at war. . . . Corliss Lamont is author of *You Might Like Socialism* and a philosophical work, *The Illusion of Immortality.* . . . Carey McWilliams is chairman of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, chief of the California Division of Immigration and Housing, and author of the best seller, *Factories in the Field.* We reprint Mr. McWilliams' article this week by his special permission. . . . Irene Jeffri is author of "I Am a Rapid Stenographer," published in NM last February. . . . Frank J. Wallace is a New York economist and writer. . . . Harold Ward is a writer on scientific subjects and a contributor to many magazines. . . . Marion Greenspan is an American journalist who has written about Spain and the Far East for NM. . . . Charles Glenn is a columnist for the *People's World,* West Coast daily.

Flashbacks

A WARNING to plain garden variety reactionaries about high placed fifth-columnists and traitors: Aaron Burr fatally shot Alexander Hamilton in a duel at Weehawken, N. Y., on July 11, 1804. . . . British workingmen who now are resisting another Munich at the expense of themselves and the homeland they have enriched, came to the aid of an American worker July 11, 1918. That day the British Miners Federation cabled an appeal to President Wilson for a new trial for Tom Mooney. . . . And for those who, out of love of this country, mistakenly want to place a vast military machine at the disposal of our present government, here is an anniversary: Lenin, on July 11, 1919, reminded students in a school for Soviet officials that "The state is a machine for the purpose of maintaining the dominance of one class over another."

This Week

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NEW MASSES

VOLUME XXXVI JULY 16, 1940 NUMBER 4

Mexico's Critical Hour

What do the shootings on Election Day mean? Is Almazan making his last stand, or is this only the beginning? Joseph North continues his firsthand report.

Mexico City (by wire).

EARLY Sunday morning, before mass, squads of Almazanists roared through the city in cars firing indiscriminately in all directions and shouting *"Arriba Almazan."* Election day had started. By 10:30 they were storming the news office of *El Popular,* CTM daily. The general was in fine form, heading a motor caravan that cruised the capital. The fascist idea was burning bright and today many a candle is lit at the biers of men, women, and children who fell in the fighting. The trade union paper got the brunt of the assaults, although the PRM radio station later in the day saw a bitter battle. The Almazan captains lined up women and children before them and began their march on the radio station. Almazan was "testing" his strength. The rioters shouted "Death to Cardenas" and I heard some invoke the spirit of the late Saturnino Cedillo, who attempted an uprising in 1938 with unfortunate results to himself. The soldiery warned the Almazanists to halt. Somebody gave word to begin stoning the government's men. A volley of shots cleared the Avenida Cinco de Mayo just as the crowd battered in the doorway of the radio station.

Almazan had planned the day well. All day long his precinct headquarters blared instructions, incited followers to go to it. I saw a sniper pick off a guard outside *El Popular.* The guard fell without a groan and the soldiery began to point guns at the roof across the street.

You'll see newsreels of some of this in the March of Time. I saw an Almazan lieutenant arrange the storming of the trade union headquarters down in the Santa Maria district for the benefit of Mr. Luce's photographers.

The big moment came when the Almazanists hoisted one of their men up to the balcony to tack green bunting—Almazan colors—over the sign of the CTM. Down here in this part of town it was his day. In other parts of the city the CTM and the government people held their own. Almazanists, however, were out in full force and their strength is considerable. That cannot be denied. Their caravan of cars was well equipped with everything street fighting needs, even to first aid equipment and automobiles full of doctors and nurses.

By three o'clock I got to Avila Camacho, candidate of the PRM, at PRM headquarters. Downstairs the mounted police were guarding the building. Inside were the workers' militia and trade union stalwarts, men and women. Camacho shook hands, said everything indicated he had won by a great majority. Gen. Heriberto Jara, head of the PRM, showed me a sheaf of telegrams from the rest of the country. We are winning everywhere, he said. The radio kept announcing results while outside Almazanists were surging through the streets attacking various union headquarters and concentrating on *El Popular.* It's easy to see what worries Almazan most.

Almazan's tactics were clear. Stir up trouble, keep the pot boiling. Avowing endorsement of Cardenas' appeals for a free election, his captains ordered assaults on various offices of progressive organizations. The Monterrey general had decided to round the day off with a march on the famous square known as the Zocolo, where government offices are built around the ancient structure put up by Cortez. The nation's great cathedral looms over the huge square. "Who has Zocolo has Mexico City," is an old saying.

The Almazanists had orders to meet at the bullfight and march downtown after the bulls had been finished off. Almazanists had bought up all tickets and were ready. Fortunately the bullfight was called off and this particular concentration, biggest of the day, was frustrated. But they converged on Zocolo anyway. It was en route to the great square that the worst trouble occurred, in front of the radio station. Almazanists kept trying to outflank the horsemen and soldiery, but every entrance to the square was guarded. Almazan announced he had called off this demonstration, but that was an obvious gag for foreign consumption. Well after the announcement his gangs kept trying to break into Zocolo.

Almazan's strategy is pretty clear by now. His followers polled as many votes as they could, even setting up parallel voting booths. These "results" will be used when he calls his scheduled meeting about a week hence to "discuss" election results. Then if he feels his strength is sufficient he may challenge the results. After that, many feel today, he will set up a parallel government and business will begin. That is a real perspective now.

It was a hard, wild day and the tragedy of it is that it appears to be the beginning. This morning is quiet, the city seems exhausted from yesterday's effort. But the people are on edge, nobody expecting yesterday's results to end anything. They are probably right.

Late in the night I visited a house where newsboys kept vigil over one of their lads who got a bullet through the chest in the crossfire. The newsboys sat there silently with long candles lighting the gloom.

On the roof garden of the richest hotel in the country, the Reforma, the big American business men watched the day's proceedings. I went there for a while because it is the tallest structure in town and you could see what was going on down the various avenues. I saw government soldiers scrambling around on rooftops trying to round up snipers. Americans sat on the beautiful penthouse restaurant eating ice cream as rifle shots crackled below. I heard one woman say, "How silly, people running around with drawn guns." Another said, "My husband thinks they don't want to know better. They like to live that way." She ordered another plate of ice cream.

Mexico City (by mail).

AS I write, on the eve of elections, Almazanists have just raided headquarters of the munition workers union. What will happen tomorrow? No doubt pistols will play and there will be a long casualty list. The Almazanists have cached arms aplenty, even though all citizens were supposed to surrender their firearms today. It is an open secret: they will test their strength, create disorders wherever they can. Almazan will disavow the sporadic fighting—at the moment. What will happen later? Millions are watching and waiting, particularly in Latin America.

As I wrote last week everybody accords Camacho the election. Almazan has built a considerable mass base, demagogically cashing in upon the dissatisfaction in certain sectors of the populace. But his following is substantially less than that of the PRM (Party of the Mexican Revolution) candidate. Almazan hasn't given up the ghost. He knows his strength, probably exaggerates it. He knows too that he has friends secreted in the organizations of the PRM, which Cardenas leads. Furthermore, he still banks upon aid north of the Rio Grande. He figures *imperialismo yanqui* can change its mind and throw support once again to him. He knows the Cardenas regime has made concessions to Washington, but piecemeal concessions are one thing whereas Almazan is willing to go the whole hog pronto.

Everybody here considers that Election Day was only the first stage in the contemporary political contest. Both progress and reaction know the ballot results will not automatically solve Mexico's problems. The real progressives here consider an election victory

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as *el primero paso*—the first step. First defeat reaction at the polls, then on to the task of defending the gains of the 1910 Revolution, extending them, and establishing a democratic state truly independent of imperialism. It is no easy task: the Yankee Colossus bears down heavily.

On our own Independence Day, July 4, Ambassador Daniels played host for the American tourists, many of whom were of the brand that sees this country as "Sunny Mexico"—land of the sombrero, tequila, and five pesos to the dollar. After everybody filed by to shake the ambassador's hand, he made his traditional speech on democracy and the true motives of the Monroe Doctrine (which have nothing to do with imperialism) and he spoke eloquently of "the common menace that confronts all of us here on the western hemisphere." A photo of Cardenas inscribed to his "dear friend the ambassador" was judiciously placed on view near the host.

Here I chanced to encounter a startling little personage, one Frank Steel, who runs several American papers in the capital. He needed no encouragement on this great American day and he spoke his tequila-influenced mind. Of course there would be outbreaks in a number of states but they would be put down—at first. Almazan, with whom he lunched the other day, was a fine fellow, a man you can trust. You can't trust these Cardenists *too much*. They can look you in the eye and lie their heads off. He didn't trust their present declarations of friendship with Uncle Sam. They would stab the old uncle in the back first chance they got. But not Almazan, a man of gold. Why, he would be elected if it weren't for the government's *imposicion*. Since he would not be, it is possible he might refuse to recognize the *avila-camachista* victory, set up his own government in the North, and then, the little man said gleefully, the fun would begin. He personally would prefer it that way, it was better for the States. Oh, the State Department had decided to play ball with the Cardenas crowd, because Washington thinks they will play ball with us. Maybe so, maybe not. That's a gamble. But now, Almazan there, he's a good friend. Yes, the fun would really start on election day. He had bet somebody in the PRM on the casualty list. The PRM man figured twenty in Mexico City. He was all wet. How many casualties did he, the American, expect? "Unlimited," he replied.

REFLECTS BUSINESS FEELING

I quote this person in some detail because he represents the feeling of many of the American businessmen down here on the spot. He has contacts with the oilmen, the other Yankee *comerciantes* here and he reflects what's on their minds. I read his two sheets afterward; they were revolting, reeking with overlording imperialism. He obviously had an interest in the uprising and was sticking to the impression most here had a month ago. These now feel that the danger of an immediate uprising on a national scale is off. But afterward? The polls would be a testing place of Almazanist strength, both electorally and physically.

Almazan's followers were expected actually to capture some smaller towns by dint of arms. Undoubtedly, despite their declarations of devotion to Cardenas, many generals were known definitely to be Almazanist. The days after election have all the likelihood of being a time of turbulence, a barometer for Almazan to test his strength by. He would bide his time and decide whether to disavow the uprisings definitely or to speed out to Monterrey and buckle on his sword once again.

ALMAZAN'S SUPPORT

For Almazan is counting on considerable support from the manifest dissatisfaction in the land. I saw some of those he counted on last night. Down the street from the American Embassy an Almazan meeting was proceeding inside their local headquarters on the Reforma. Upstairs in the meeting room, under a huge poster of Almazan, several hundreds were listening to a speaker in a high state of exaltation. They cheered him every few moments, called him *jefe*—leader, chief. I talked with a worker after the meeting, a chunky man in clay-colored dungarees, and I got around to asking what he was doing here. "Why shouldn't I come here to hear what's he's got to offer?" he asked. "Look at me. I haven't even got a hat. No shirt to my back, no, senor, not even soap to wash these hands." He pushed them out at me, hard, big hands. "I'm a miner," he said. "Seven kids. I need frijoles for them. I haven't got anything to bring them for supper. I need a job. I haven't got a job. The government hasn't helped me a centavo's worth, and that is why I'm here."

True, there is a rumbling throughout the land. Where is the land the Revolution promised, millions are asking. Where is a job? Why are prices high and wages down? Why are rents so high for these dingy hovels we live in? These are questions millions are asking. These are the reasons fascist Almazan has, through able demagogy, got where he is.

What is happening here? What is up? First of all, the longer you stay here, the more evidence you find that the back of feudalism hasn't been broken in this land. I spoke this week with men representing a cross section of the country, of both the rank and file and the leadership: men like Alejandro Carillo, candidate for deputy and editor of the CTM (Confederation of Mexican Workers) organ, *El Popular;* Victor M. Villasenor, head of the Six Year Plan and editor of the CTM theoretical organ, *Futuro;* Dionisio Encinas, head of the Communist Party and well known throughout the land as leader of the famous Laguna strike of the peasantry in 1936; various unionists, newspapermen, and others. The picture they draw is of a country seeking to determine its own destiny while a neighboring imperialism, richest and most powerful in the world, considers their nation fair booty. From this all factors follow. Mexico has not completed its 1910 bourgeois revolution, has not finished distributing the land.

You learn that the reason it has not is because a new bourgeoisie has grown up in these thirty years. The richest, strongest section of it, represented by such men as Portes Gil, Abelardo Rodriguez, and others, has retarded the Cardenas administration. After all, it was a bourgeois-liberal government to begin with—and talk of its being a "near-Communist" government is so much poppycock. This regime did accord land in response to the overwhelming pressures of the peasantry in the early years of the Cardenas presidency. But the progressive movement, headed by middle class men, not by workingmen, was impeded, sabotaged, by the rising bourgeoisie that had ties with the leaders, economically, psychologically, personally.

For example, former President Calles, who fled from the land after attempting an uprising, who fled with a copy of *Mein Kampf* under his arm, continues his business here merrily through his numerous family, four daughters and two sons, one the former governor of Sonora, the other former municipal president of Monterrey. They are here carrying on businesses that mount into the millions of pesos, and their influence naturally is to retard the government's liberalism.

And so in the last few years the march of the bourgeois revolution has slowed down. Now certain sections of the well-to-do are actually working for an indigenous fascist regime. The barometer of the Revolution—division of the land—has come to a standstill. Contrast that with the achievements of the first few years of the Cardenas regime. In his first four years more land was given the peasants than under all previous presidents. The head of Mexico's Six Year Plan, Villasenor, gave me the figures on land distribution:

Hectares of Land Distributed

Cardenas	16,856,483	68.90*
Calles	2,964,758	12.12
Ortiz	1,444,096	5.90
Gil	1,150,271	4.70
Obregon	1,090,779	4.46
Rodriguez	794,637	3.25

** Percentage of total distributed*

And Presidents Carranza and de la Huerta gave less than .54 percent each during their incumbencies.

One can readily see why Cardenas enjoys the popularity he does among the peasantry. But the graph has shot down in the past two years. Many factors have been responsible for this. The PRM was infiltrated by enemies of the people who put pressure on Cardenas to halt the distribution of the land, the expropriation of the *terratenientes,* both native and foreign. There was sabotage in the banks set up to aid the *ejidal* farmers; the old *haciendados,* the feudal landowners, in many localities circumvented the distribution of the land by bribing local authorities to give the 250 hectare parcels to members of the family, to friends, etc., so that essentially many feudalists held on to the soil.

But do not forget: the above figures fail

(Continued on page 19)

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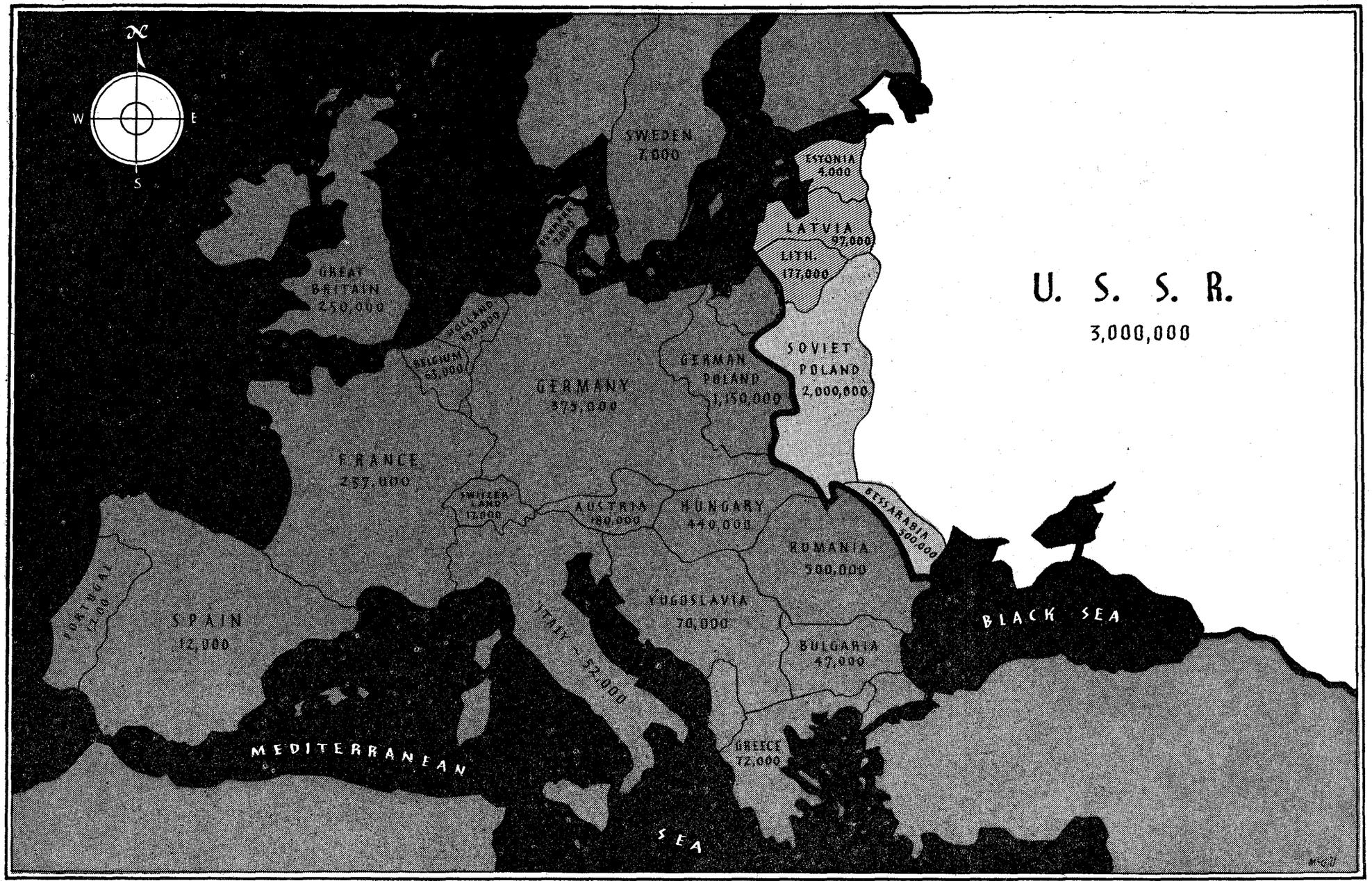

THREE MILLION JEWS RESCUED BY SOCIALISM *in the last nine months. Two million of former Poland, about a quarter million in the Baltic states which have now established real friendship with the USSR, and half a million more in Bessarabia, with hundreds of thousands frantically trying to reach Soviet soil. For centuries the Jews have been among the world's most oppressed minorities. Their misery intensified after the last war, except in the USSR. In Poland, Rumania, and Lithuania the Jews faced the most barbaric treatment, unsurpassed even by the systematic oppression of German fascism. It was from these countries that the Zionists recruited many adherents. But Palestine became a plaything of reactionary politicians. Even this hope was caught up and destroyed in the vortex of imperialist power politics. Now, in the summer of 1940, when the rest of Europe totters into despair and more violent decline, the salvation of Europe's Jews is one of the little noticed, but most dramatic results of Soviet policy in Europe. An inspiration to ten million fellow Jews in all parts of the capitalist world.*

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Civil Liberties in Canada

"There aren't any," Joseph Starobin learned after personal investigation. How our good neighbors live under the Defense of Canada Regulations. The first of a series.

THE day I arrived in Canada they arrested Pat Sullivan. That was a Wednesday. Thursday afternoon papers carried the "rumor" that he had been arrested. Next morning the entire Toronto waterfront knew that Pat Sullivan had been interned—interned for the duration of the war—and the news spread to every corner of the dominion. No bail was allowed, no habeas corpus, no trial. In fact no charges were publicly preferred. He was simply arrested by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police upon orders of the minister of justice and interned somewhere in the wilds of northern Ontario—"for the duration." And who do you suppose Pat Sullivan is—the leader of some fascist storm brigade? An Italian or German saboteur? Perhaps the pseudonym of one of those British Cabinet ministers who brought on this war at Munich?

No, Pat Sullivan is a Canadian labor leader, secretary of the Canadian Seamen's Union, an Irishman by birth, and resident in Canada since those days before the last war when Mackenzie King, the prime minister, was breaking strikes for the Rockefeller interests in Colorado. Pat Sullivan is a cross between Harry Bridges and Mike Quill. His is a name that Great Lakes seamen swear by. By his own efforts and those of a handful of friends he organized the Seamen's Union back in April 1936. As one of the union officials told me: "He worked eighteen hours a day to build that union" and today 95 percent of the four thousand seamen on the Great Lakes are organized. Two months ago they tied the ships up solid from Fort William to Halifax, forcing concessions from the major ship lines.

Last winter Pat went up to Nova Scotia to do the impossible—organize the Nova Scotia fishermen. Within a couple of weeks the sons of that rockbound eastern coast had achieved enough confidence in themselves and their leadership to pull in the nets and strike out for better living conditions. The premier of Nova Scotia was so frightened he said there wasn't enough room in Nova Scotia for both himself and Pat Sullivan. Not enough room in the 21,068 square miles of Nova Scotia for himself and the premier—that's how big a man Pat Sullivan is.

His arrest is unquestionably a result of collusion between the shipowners and the government. The Great Lakes strike was over, the union was ironing out the contract details at a government conciliation board hearing when Pat was arrested. Next day seven major companies granted $10 per month increases—a victory for the union. It was explained to me that the shipowners wanted Sullivan out of the way before they granted the union's terms. It was a way of saying: "If you don't truck with men like Sullivan, we'll treat you fine." But seamen know better. Leaving Toronto, I gave one of them a lift. He was on his way to Kingston to "ship out." He knew all about Pat's arrest and he was angry. The whole waterfront knew it, and there was talk of a strike to force Sullivan's release. "Imagine," this seaman said "—interning an Irishman!"

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police have a way of breaking into your house about three in the morning. Armed with an order from Ernest Lapointe, minister of justice, they arrest you and put you away, and nobody might know the difference. Unless the attorney general wishes, you don't get a trial, have no access to a lawyer. In a couple of days you may be allowed to inform your relations, if there are any, that you have been interned, and hope to see them soon. This is a form card (with the greatest consideration the government does the writing for you) but it doesn't go directly—a specially appointed official in Ottawa forwards the message. If you are an alien, that is, a Canadian who hasn't been naturalized, you have not even got the right of appeal; that was abolished by an Order in Council while I was in Canada. Nobody knows how many hundreds of people have been arrested after this fashion, especially in the latest wave of arrests which began about three weeks ago.

The fact is that your wife will never know each morning whether you'll be home for dinner. Your kids may wake to find their daddy gone overnight. You never know in Canada who is a plainclothesman and who isn't. When you visit folks there, as I did, they always play the radio full blast. You never know who is listening in the hallways, or in a neighboring apartment.

"Defense of Canada Regulations"—these words have an evil, a terrifying significance in Canada. Actually, they are an outgrowth of the War Measures Act of 1914, enacted a generation ago by men who no longer play a vital role in Canadian life. This act was the enabling legislation by whose authority Parliament appointed a special commission in March 1938 to revise and codify the Defense Regulations. This commission, consisting of Cabinet ministers and civil servants, none of them popular representatives, reported in July 1939. The Cabinet adopted its recommendations a full week before Canada declared herself at war. These regulations never were debated in Parliament. They are not subject to review by the courts. New provisions may be added at any time by the authority of the right honorable gentlemen of the Cabinet acting through the minister of justice. They are published in an obscure journal, the *Canada Gazette,* roughly analogous to the weekly bulletin of our own State Department—and how many Americans ever see that?

Here is a summary of the most important provisions of these regulations. I leave it to the reader to judge what becomes of democratic liberties for which Canada presumably fights this war:

1. The right of release under habeas corpus is abolished.
2. An Englishman's home is no longer his castle. It can be searched indiscriminately at the will of the enforcing officers, usually the Canadian Royal Mounties.
3. "With a view to preventing any person from acting in a manner prejudicial to the public safety," any Canadian can be detained without trial for five years, or interned for the war's duration upon order of the minister of justice.
4. The accused is deprived of the right to trial by jury, except if the attorney general wishes to grant it.
5. **The accused is deprived of the right to bail,** except at the wish of the minister of justice.
6. Redress or appeal is up to an advisory committee, appointed by the minister of justice, whose recommendations are not binding upon the minister of justice.
7. Trials are usually held in camera, that is, in secret, although sentences must be decreed in public.
8. Sentences up to five years in jail, and $5,000 in fines, or both, may be imposed—except where the government's power of internment is invoked.

Trials have been abolished—but it is instructive to observe how the Ottawa government respects the judiciary when a case does come to the courts. The famous Harry Binder trial is the best example. Harry Binder was the Ottawa parliamentary press representative to the now outlawed Communist newspaper the *Daily Clarion*. He was arrested in March and charged with responsibility for a pamphlet entitled, *Withdraw Canada from the War.* These were election manifestoes of the Communist Party, at that time a legal organization at least in the technical sense of the word. Simultaneously, Louis Binder, Harry's brother, a private in the Royal Canadian Engineers, and his friend, Roy Saunders, a civil servant, were also arrested. It seems that Louis Binder had concealed a mimeograph machine in a baby carriage in the basement of Roy Saunders' home. Saunders was, as he claimed in court, unaware of the carriage's contents and was on the point of returning it to Louis Binder when they were arrested. Harry Binder conducted his defense on the grounds that he had every legal right to educate his fellow Canadians on the issues of the war. The younger Binder and Saunders insisted they had committed nothing criminal, and dissociated themselves from Harry Binder's motives. The attorney general of Ontario, the same Gordon Conant who urged

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the United States to get into the war last winter, thought the case important enough to contribute one of his staff to the prosecution.

Over a glass of real Canadian rye I chatted with David Goldstick, the defense attorney, in his office one evening after hours. He showed me the court testimony, underlined the passages in which the prosecution indulged in the most vindictive, slanderous, provocative tactics to get the conviction. For example, Roy Saunders, a McGill University medalist and a Rhodes scholar, was constantly reviled for "abusing" his Canadian education. His relative lack of property was drummed into the rural French Canadian property-owning jurors; the prosecution outdid itself in the most unbridled anti-Semitism. Harry Binder was given a three-year sentence and a fine so excessive that his sentence actually amounts to four; Louis Binder and Saunders were jailed for two and a half years with fines as well. But the point of my story is this. While I was in Canada, the case was appealed. The Ontario Supreme Court, consisting of five justices, unanimously upheld the conviction of Harry Binder, although modifying his fine. Charges against his brother and Roy Saunders were dismissed on the grounds that, under Article 39a of the Defense of Canada Regulations, their guilt was not established. As the two innocent men left the court, elated over their victory, eager to rejoin their families, exonerated by the Supreme Court of the province, they were arrested on the courthouse lawn. On orders of the minister of justice, both of them were interned for the duration of the war! That's how Mackenzie King's government respects the judiciary of Canada.

ORGANIZATIONS OUTLAWED

On June 6 the *Canada Gazette* carried another order, under which about a dozen organizations have been outlawed. Among these are the Deutscher Bund fur Kanada and various other fascist outfits. But among them were also important organizations of the Canadian people: the Canadian League for Peace and Democracy, the Canadian Labor Defense League, the Finnish Organization of Canada, the Ukrainian Labor Farmer Temple Association and its youth organization, as well as the Communist Party, the Young Communist League, and a half a dozen Polish, Hungarian, Croatian organizations.

These are in no sense insignificant, minority bodies. The Canadian Labor Defense League, for example, was a powerful force in the early thirties. Through its campaign, Tim Buck, the Canadian Communist leader, was released from jail. Sedition cases against the CLDL chairman, the Rev. A. E. Smith, and seven others were quashed. It secured 459,000 signatures—a large figure for a nation whose population numbers only eleven million—in its campaign of protest against the attempt on Tim Buck's life. And it was the impetus of this campaign which was partially responsible for the downfall of the Bennett government in 1935, Mackenzie King's predecessor.

Remand Cornwall Man for Sentence

CORNWALL, June 24.—(Special)—Raoul Grignon, 837 Pitt street, Cornwall, was found guilty by Magistrate P. C. Bergeron today on a charge under the Defence of Canada Regulations. He was remanded to jail for sentence next week.

Police told of raiding Grignon's home and finding Communistic books and also found on Grignon's person a membership card in the Canadian Labor Defence League, an organization which has been outlawed. Police said the card was Grignon's property and indicated he had paid membership fees for the month of May.

Taking the stand in his own defence, Grignon said he had been on relief for three years and had no knowledge either of the literature found in his home or of the membership card. He denied having distributed illegal literature at any t[illegible]

[illegible] are awaiting trial on [illegible] charges here.

Toronto Man Conducts Own Defense In Court

Sydney, N.S., June 21—Conducting his own defense, Thomas Logan, 36, of Toronto, went on trial in Supreme Court yesterday on a charge of violating Defense of Canada Regulations by distributing literature calculated to defeat recruiting. Logan was arrested here a few weeks ago. Sergt. E. Kelleher of the R.C. [illegible] refused to answer ques[illegible] put to him con[illegible] program [illegible]

Winnipeg Pair Get Jail Terms

WINNIPEG, June 22—(C. P.)—Jail sentences were imposed on Sanfred Israel and Werner Dix, convicted of making statements likely to cause disaffection to His Majesty the King. Israel, Winnipeg dairy worker, was given a six-month term, and Dix, North Winnipeg resident, drew a three-month sentence. RS

[illegible] Defence Regulations

Harold Paterson, 52, of 294 Jarvis street, Toronto, pleaded not guilty to the charge of contravening the Defence of Canada Regulations by spreading false rumors when he appeared in Saturday's Arraignment Court before Judge C. E. Guerin. Trial was set for Wednesday and bail fixed at $500 or a cash deposit of $250.

Accused was arrested on Friday night by Sgt. Wilson Brady of the Royal [illegible]adian Mounted Police.

YOU FIND SUCH ITEMS *everywhere in the Canadian press. No one knows how many people have been arrested in Canada under the Defense Regulations. No one knows how many people have been interned thus far. Notice the vagueness of the charges: "statements likely to cause disaffection to his majesty the king" or "distributing literature calculated to defeat recruiting" or simply "spreading false rumors."*

Or take the Ukrainian Farmer Labor Temple Association. There are 225,000 Canadians of Ukrainian extraction in Canada. They form the largest minority after the half million Germans. They are a substantial section of the Western population: eighty-seven of their halls have been shut down. One figure I saw, perhaps exaggerated, gives the property value which the dominion has taken over as $20,000,000. The same thing goes for the Finns, the largest proportion of them refugees from Mannerheim's terror. Or the Poles, of whom there are 150,000 in Canada. The cultural influence of these organizations was paramount in the Canadian West. Ironical is the fact that Ernest Lapointe, minister of justice, had been invited to a Ukrainian concert in Toronto, shortly before June 6. The worthy minister declined the invitation. But he banned the people who were kind enough to invite him.

FASCIST LEADER

Of course the government has gone after some of the more obvious fascists. Witness the arrest of Adrien Arcand, the Montreal blueshirt, leader of the National Unity Party. This thug and ten more of his cronies were brought to trial. By the minister of justice's own admission, the evidence disclosed "high treason." But in the very middle of the proceedings, the trial was abruptly halted, and the accused were interned. Many eyebrows were lifted at this unusual procedure. Why was the trial discontinued? Why did Ottawa intervene when the provincial court would most certainly have convicted the blueshirts? Here's how the mystery was explained to me. When the prosecution brought its exhibits before the judicial authorities there was something of a panic in Quebec. For it came out that Adrien Arcand himself was only one spider in a much more sinister web, and the threads led directly to some of the highest officials of the province and the dominion, into big business circles and the upper ranks of the Church. Rather than pursue the "fifth column" to its source, the Ottawa authorities obliged Quebec by interning the accused. They take the rap for the higher-ups.

Everyone knows that Arcand was the editor of Maurice Duplessis' paper, *L'Illustration Nouvelle*. Duplessis is of course the former premier of Quebec, under whose regime that province was virtually a fascist protectorate. Defeated last fall in the provincial elections, Duplessis is still a member of the Quebec legislature. As elsewhere, the fifth column scare has already become a racket. In Montreal you will notice that automobile windshields, lampposts and vacant store windows carry little stickers which say: "Destroy the Fifth Column—Save Canada's Homes." Look closely in the lower lefthand corner and you'll find that the stickers were printed in the *L'Illustration Nouvelle* printshop.

But perhaps the most amusing instance of the "fifth column" burlesque is the story that Mrs. Dorise Nielsen told me. She is the only woman member of Parliament, MP for North

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Battleford, Sask., one of the most remarkable figures in Canadian politics, of whom I shall say more subsequently. It seems that up in her neighborhood one of the Liberal Party bosses, a justice of the peace, etc., was a man called Schneider, a Canadian of German origin. This fellow had been interned in the last war, but in the intervening years had become a local bigwig of the Liberal Party. Just before Mackenzie King dissolved parliament and called the general elections, Schneider had again been interned as an "enemy alien." There was consternation in the Liberal bailiwicks when it was discovered that the local boss had been stored away. Hasty telephone calls were made to high places. And one day Schneider was released, in time to throw himself into the election campaign and help sweep the Liberals in by a large majority. Immediately after the elections, however, the worthy Schneider was doublecrossed. After he had rendered yeoman's service to the Liberals, the Liberals interned him—for the war's duration! Mrs. Nielsen told me she queried the appropriate minister in the House about this peculiar incident. The minister replied gravely that "it was not in the public interest to discuss the matter."

A GLOOMY PICTURE

The picture of Canadian civil liberties is gloomy. Even the most sober, steadfast people with whom I talked, individuals who certainly are not Communists, had few illusions. I drove along the Toronto lake shore with Ken Woodsworth, leader of the Canadian Youth Congress—one of the most vital institutions of Canadian life, as people who saw the Canadian delegation to the World Youth Congress will remember. Woodsworth is tall, lean, blond—his father was a missionary in Japan and that's where Ken grew up. For years he's been the sparkplug of the powerful Canadian youth movement. The Youth Congress was planning a national gathering of some thousand delegates for the first days of July. It should be meeting as I write these words—unless, as Woodsworth feared, the government cracked down beforehand.

Sitting at the shore of lovely Lake Ontario in the middle of a June afternoon I found it hard to believe that this chap opposite me might be sent to a concentration camp at any moment for an indefinite period. He did not express worry over the prospect. Rather, it was annoyance. There was a nonchalance in his manner which concealed a deep resentment at the barbarian stupidity of the government and its policy. Leaving him, I felt ashamed, ashamed at my own freedom of action, able as I was to travel over the border while these fine folk faced a situation so difficult.

The same sort of emotion gripped me at the home of Rev. A. E. Smith, that grand old man among Canadian progressives, a figure analogous to Dr. Harry F. Ward in our own country. A man close to sixty, I should say, somewhat stooped, heavy-rimmed glasses, his face furrowed with the recollection of a lifetime in the vanguard of Canadian democracy. We sat in the typically English kitchen of the modest apartment on West Bloor Street, with his demure, kindly, gray-haired wife, an elderly sister, and Becky Buhay, the fighting Englishwoman who has been secretary of the Canadian Labor Defense League from years back. They told me the bitter story I have been telling. There was relief from the tension and pathos of their dilemma only when Reverend Smith recalled the days when he was a young minister in Portage la Prairie, a little town below Winnipeg. He participated in the great general strike out in Winnipeg in May 1919. He was one of the leaders of the Progressive Party that swept the prairies after the war and served for some years in the Manitoba legislature. One of his sons is Stewart Smith, Communist alderman in Toronto for three years until this past January. The father spoke of the son with unconcealed pride. He wiped away the trace of a tear when I asked after Stewart. No, he didn't know where he was. Somewhere in Canada perhaps. In the underground. Carrying on.

In proportion to the national population, the Communist Party of Canada has greater influence and perhaps numbers than the American Communist Party. In Quebec and Montreal, where illegality was a practical fact for years before the war broke, the party is intact and fully alive. In Toronto and farther west where traditions of legality were stronger, the government has taken some toll in the ranks. But here too the adjustments have been made. The Toronto jingoes had a great deal of trouble trying to oust Stewart Smith from the City Council. They are having the same trouble with Alderman Penner in north Winnipeg. While I was in Montreal, newspapers reported the arrest of half a dozen leading Communists. I was unable to confirm that. But certainly they haven't got and won't get the ranking leaders, although they have been watching the second-rank representatives of the Communist Party for months in the hope of finding clues to the major figures. No organization with roots in the soil of its country can be easily silenced. The Communists live in Canada—they will outlive her present tormentors.

Not only the Communists are resisting the government offensive. Wider sections of the people, in the universities, the labor unions, the middle classes, are being heard from. I spoke to R. A. C. Ballantyne, secretary for the Montreal branch of the Canadian Civil Liberties Union, the only remaining civil liberties body now that the Labor Defense League has been banned. Still in his early thirties, he was instrumental in organizing the Newspaper Guild in Montreal, was fired for that reason from the *Montreal Gazette* some years ago. He is tall, softspoken, wears glasses—is a native Canadian, of course. I found him, after the usual delays, circumventions, and roundabout approaches, at his typewriter in a very bare office, obviously stripped of its more elegant fixtures in anticipation of the Royal Canadian Mounties. Ballantyne told me the same story I had heard from Reverend Smith. He was deeply anxious for the future of the Civil Liberties Union. It had organized a very successful conference this past May, the first such conference in wartime. Prominent university people, labor leaders, and churchmen had sponsored it. Held in a prominent Montreal hotel, which in Ballantyne's opinion was at least one reason why it had not been raided, this conference spoke out with forthrightness against the Defense of Canada Regulations. Whereupon Ballantyne himself was attacked in the Montreal press and demands were made for his internment. Several of the weaker members of the Civil Liberties Union Executive Board have resigned under the pressure. Two of them were fired from positions in the Sun Life Insurance Company, Ltd. on the specific grounds of their membership in this organization. They have probably been blacklisted for the war's duration.

AMERICA MUST HELP

American opinion has every reason to speak up about what is happening in Canada. The miners and steel workers of Nova Scotia spoke up in the last weeks against Pat Sullivan's internment. They have every right to expect support from sympathetic organizations, of seamen, miners, and steel workers in the United States, with whom many Canadians are affiliated both in the CIO and the AFL. The old men in Ottawa are very sensitive to American opinion. They are very sensitive to the American tourist trade, which is slumping badly; they are very anxious for every American dollar that can be converted to shrapnel. A few choice resolutions, not necessarily in the King's English either, would make them think twice up in Ottawa. It would be the best goodneighborly expression Americans can offer to their friends across the border, the best kind of mutual hemisphere defense.

The fact is that the Defense of Canada Regulations, and the way the government has enforced them, are an expression of panic among Canada's rulers. These rulers went into this war against the will of the people. The March election gave them only a very negative mandate. Four million people abstained from voting and the Liberals were elected on the pledge of "no conscription," which they have now broken. They are filching the people's money from the dominion treasury and have saddled the people with a monstrous new budget. The common folk of Canada are mystified by this war. They don't know what it's about. They don't see how and where it'll be fought. They have only the faintest ideas of their future, and their anger and disillusion are growing. This, the popular attitude to the war and the conduct of the war, explains in the last analysis the phrenetic, nervous, frustrated intimidation which the government is carrying on. That's what I will discuss in my next article: how Canadians feel about the war and where Canada is going in this war.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

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Strictly Personal
by RUTH McKENNEY

MY HUSBAND knew a lady lecturer once in San Francisco, a Social Democrat on the grand or Norman Thomas scale. I only mention the item because thereby hangs a tale. Well, this lady lecturer had some disease of the nasal passages; at least she sniffed and drooled all the time. In addition she had a rather irascible disposition.

Now Miss Glotz, as we shall call her, earned an uncertain and humiliating living bouncing about the countryside giving little talks to ladies' clubs on such interesting topics as, "Capital and Labor, Friends or Enemies?" For years she kept the gals on the edge of their seats, sniffing up and down the lecture circuit, happy as a lark, or anyway happy as Miss Glotz could ever be.

Enter the snake. One day Miss Glotz, an innocent intellectual a la Bruce Bliven, etc., stumbled across a gent who allowed as how he was a Marxist. Miss Glotz was fascinated. She lent an ear. And the next time she got up to lecture she announced to her breathless audience: "And, ladies, one can understand nothing of the modern world, unless one comprehends dialectical and historical materialism." Miss Glotz paused, daintily blew her nose, and gulped two glasses of water.

"Dialectical materialism is—" said Miss Glotz. She paused again. "Par-*don,*" she said in her best French, and flashed the ladies a charming smile as she whipped out a fresh handkerchief, blew her nose again, and gulped four more glasses of ice water. The platform committee began to be uneasy.

"Now," Miss Glotz said cheerily, rubbing her hands together and giving the girls another chummy smile. "Dialectical materialism, as I was saying, is—"

Miss Glotz stopped, began to reach for that handkerchief. In the rear of the hall my husband and a few of his friends began to grumble, and a faint cry of "Throw in the towel" horrified the lady president of the club.

"Dialectical—" said Miss Glotz as she fainted. She went down gracefully, her head just missing the ice water pitcher.

Now this gloomy tale has a moral. I'm not the fainting type, so dialectical materialism never put me under any tables, but I may as well state freely and frankly that until July 14, 1939, I suffered from Miss Glotz's trouble: I didn't know what it was either. True, I had read some books about it, but they didn't seem to make any real difference. Once I inched my way through a worthy tome entitled *Dialectics* by T. A. Jackson. I'm sure it's an awfully good book, and I read it right to the bitter end, but I knew by page 89 that Mr. Jackson and I were never meant for each other.

So I spent years feeling a sensation like prickly heat or hives every time some louse would start throwing around arguments about why Bergson had Marx backed off the map, etc. I knew I ought to be in there fighting, but I was afraid of the swampy terrain. Gradually I began to be enveloped by a large scale inferiority complex. I felt like a second class citizen.

And then I enrolled in a study class for the *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union*. And just in the nick of time, too, I might say. For looking back on 1937 and 1938 and 1936, they seem, in retrospect, placid years. You could figure out things without the use of a slide rule. The headlines were simple. Even the New York *Times* made sense, in a way.

Times have changed. I don't know how it is with you, but I know I'd find current events tough going if I hadn't come across that remarkable book back these many moons ago. For, and I am gradually working around to the point of this week's column, the only antidote I know to the New York *Post* and other evidences of capitalist decadence are the pages on dialectical and historical materialism in the story of the Russian Communist Party. Every now and then the newspapers published in the city of New York really get under my skin. I try to keep cool; I try to keep calm. But I don't dare weed the delphinium after a bout with Mr. Simms, the Scripps-Howard foreign "expert." I'm afraid I'd pull up my elegant flowers instead of the weeds—the capitalist press drives me cross-eyed.

So, on these pleasant summer afternoons, when I read that the British are blowing up the French Navy or Mr. Gene Tunney (the boxer) is planning on leading a new youth movement, or the New York *Post* believes the Popular Front and the Communists betrayed France to Hitler, I run, not walk, to my copy of the *History of the CPSU* to read the answer.

For dialectical materialism, the basic philosophy of the Marxist-Leninist movement, and historical materialism, the application of this philosophy to the study of the society in which we live, provide the intellectual antidote to the vicious, to the wildly insane, to the completely cockeyed (there's not another word for it) lies our bourgeois contemporaries dish out every day and all day. Even attendants in a hospital for the insane must sometimes need to remind themselves that they are normal and their patients ill.

And in the brilliant pages of what is known around my social circles as just the "CPSU" the philosophy of Marx, Engels, and Lenin is set forth so clearly, so simply, so explicitly that even a backward type like myself can understand. Gossip (of the higher-toned sort) has it that Stalin himself wrote the section on dialectical and historical materialism, and I'm sure it must be true, for the paragraphs have that same pungent, sharp style of Stalin's speeches.

The essence of the dialectical method, stripped of all the verbiage that used to confuse me so, is simple enough to provide a weapon and a method of thinking to everyone living in this troubled world, circa 1940. You'll remember that Stalin starts off by saying that in the first place dialectics holds that nothing is an isolated phenomenon, that everything must be considered in its context. *Vide:* You can't consider the collapse of the French Army by itself; you must consider Leon Blum before and Petain and Laval afterward.

Next: nature doesn't stand still, something is always dying, something else is always being born. Earl Browder, who is one of my favorite dialectical materialists, said in a speech the other night: "Remember that while we watch the capitalist system dying, we are *also* watching socialism being born."

Third: (this is my favorite section) the dialectical approach holds that changes are not always regular and expected, such as a puppy growing into a dog or a trade union growing from six members to forty thousand; but they are sometimes sudden, like an explosion. Or, to throw the words around: changes are not only quantitative, as with the dog and the trade union, but also qualitative. The most famous qualitative change in history was Russia, from capitalism to the dictatorship of the proletariat. (Whoopla, I always want to say when I get to this.) The book illustrates this topic with a lot of fascinating examples from physics, etc., but you can think up your own. I often meditate on this business of qualitative changes; I have my pet qualitative changes all worked out. A word of caution: it would not be correct to say that W. Willkie, the public utility man, was changed qualitatively the other day down in Philadelphia from a Wall Street *macher* to a man of the people. On the other hand, if a sudden change should take place in this country and Mr. Willkie went to work fixing broken electric light wires for the People's Electric Light Committee, USA—well, that would be a qualitative change. Yes sir.

Of course this is just a soupcon, an appetizer. Although I've conquered my original notion that dialectics would always be perceived through a glass darkly in the McKenney soul, I'm no authority. I don't guarantee anything of the above is first class dialectical materialism, but at least it's better than Miss Glotz's and it affords me a lot of solid satisfaction. There's nothing like a little dialectical materialism, even of the amateur or garden variety, when you're troubled by the *Post* or Mr. Arthur Krock of the *Times*.

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A Four Year Plan for America

Socialism, with its rational control of the processes of production, offers the only solution to recurrent economic crises, says Corliss Lamont. How planning would work.

For upwards of 150 years capitalists and capitalist economists the world over have racked their brains and furrowed their brows over the problem of the ever recurring business cycles, depressions, and miscellaneous economic crises that are part and parcel of capitalism wherever it exists. In the United States, for example, during the century and a half since 1790 we have gone through no less than fifteen major and twenty minor economic breakdowns. Recently some of our brighter businessmen have made the (for them) startling discovery that perhaps the trouble may be due to a certain lack of purchasing power on the part of the masses of the people, who perpetually prove unable to buy back the vast abundance of goods which they produce.

The master minds of the capitalist system, however, having pushed their analysis forward to this point, find themselves as baffled as ever in the face of their newly formulated question, Why does purchasing power remain insufficient? There is a reason for their mental bewilderment. And that is that the problem of purchasing power simply cannot be solved within the confines of the present economic order.

In fact, this problem brings us straight up against the central and inescapable contradiction of capitalism: On the one hand, you cannot raise wages high enough, or reduce prices low enough, to give the people sufficient purchasing power to absorb all the available goods and services without at the same time so cutting into the total amount and rate of capitalist profit that economic crisis periodically results; on the other hand, you cannot hold down wages low enough, or raise prices high enough, to ensure sufficient capitalist profit without so curtailing the purchasing power of the people that economic crisis periodically results. Whatever solution of this dilemma the capitalists attempt, supply and demand are certain to become maladjusted to a calamitous degree every so often, with all the evil effects that we know so well.

Now socialism, and *only* socialism, is able to overcome this fundamental difficulty of capitalism—a difficulty as fatal eventually as a stoppage in the circulation of the blood would be to the human organism. Nationwide socialist planning in America, operating for use and not for profit and with its far-reaching controls over production and distribution, currency and capital investment, prices and wages and hours of work, will permanently solve the question of mass purchasing power. As more and more goods are produced in field and factory, wages go up throughout the country or prices decrease or the working day grows shorter. To take care of the increased turnover in commodities, currency may, depending on its velocity of circulation, be expanded. Since there are no capitalists to appropriate a large proportion of the value which the workers produce, the full instead of only the partial value of the people's labor returns to them in one form or another. Thus, *the unceasing abundance of goods is matched by an unceasing abundance of purchasing power;* there can be no such thing as general "overproduction" in a planned socialist economy.

The idea of planning is fairly simple and one which we encounter in some form in many diverse realms of human behavior. It consists of coordinating our activities in the light of our capacities and of the objective external environment, especially its economic aspects. As individuals we all plan to some extent; and if we have a family, then planning becomes more essential and complex. Turning to purely economic units, we find that every kind of capitalist business concern, no matter what its size and nature, must plan. Any big corporation, for instance, such as US Steel or General Motors or Standard Oil of New Jersey, must have central planning in order to coordinate its many different departments and to function successfully as a business. In certain fields capitalist governments sometimes put into effect a species of planning for a whole industry, as when they take over the railways or the telephone and telegraph.

Though socialism utilizes those basic principles that lie behind any sort of planning, it adds such important fundamentals of its own that *socialist* planning rises to an entirely new level. The basic ways in which it differs from capitalist planning may be summed up under five headings. First and foremost, socialist planning, as I have already said, is for *use* and not for *profit*. The purpose of planning in all capitalist enterprise is, of course, to make money; and this means that each business, in the process of continually establishing and reestablishing its own superiority, must plan *against* its competitors. But it is the aim of socialist planning to put an end to competition in this sense and to integrate all individual businesses into one great overall plan for the welfare of the entire population.

Second, the purpose of socialist planning is to *increase* production and release completely the tremendous potential abundance of our economic plant; not to *decrease* production as the capitalists and their governments so frequently do, in order to create more profits by making goods scarce and prices high, regardless of the actual needs of the people.

Third, planning under socialism is for the ends of *peace* and eliminates the domestic economic pressures that lead toward international conflict; whereas the most extensive capitalist planning is always on behalf of *war,* as witness the United States during her participation in the first world war and any of the great belligerent nations involved in imperialist struggle today.

Fourth, socialist planning is *continuous and nationwide* and is not confined, like capitalist planning, to special localities, industries, or periods of national emergency. The planned economy of socialism demands not only that all business units in one industry, whether it be concerned with hats, automobiles, sugar, coal, or anything else, be consciously coordinated, but also that each industry as a whole, including the prices of its products and the wages and working hours of its employees, be coordinated with every other industry as a whole. Think of the increase in efficiency and the decrease in waste that would result from planned coordination among America's big energy-producing industries: coal, gas, oil, and electric power. But these industries must be correlated with a unified transportation, agriculture, wholesale and retail trade. And the fields of education and culture, health and recreation, must likewise be included in the planning picture. Finally, the great National Plan for the US which socialism will set in motion becomes complete only when the entire economic and cultural life of the country is integrated with finance under one vast, unitary budget that takes in all branches of industry and agriculture, of commerce and trade and extra-economic endeavor.

Fifth, socialist planning radically departs from capitalist procedure in that it requires as an absolute prerequisite the *socialization of production and distribution,* meaning that a government and other bodies truly representative of the workers of hand and brain will take over from private business the nation's natural resources and transportation facilities, factories, farms, and all the rest. The sort of socialization that I envisage does not necessarily entail either nationalization by the federal government or ownership by state or city governments. The national government will certainly administer many key industries and of course the banking system, which is even more important in a socialist than in a capitalist economy; state or municipal governments will own and operate various other economic activities, less far-reaching in their ramifications. But besides all this, there will be a broad sector of enterprise that is socialized, yet not governmental: a number of public corporations largely independent in their administrative work, collective farms and fisheries, cooperative societies for production and distribution, and much of journalism, education, and culture in general.

The key organization in the American planning system will be the National Planning Commission, with headquarters at Washing-

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ton, D. C. The President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, chooses the eighteen members of the Executive Board of this commission from among experts specially qualified by training and experience to deal with the broad social and economic problems of their particular field. Each of these commissioners heads one of the eighteen different divisions into which the commission is organized: Heavy Industry, for instance, with its special sections of Steel, Machinery, Housing, and Timber; Finance, with its sections of Banking and Currency, Capital Investment, the Budget, and Taxation; Transportation, with its sections of Railroads, Motor Transport, Air Transport, and Shipping; Culture, with its sections of the Arts, Motion Pictures, Science and Invention, and the Press; and the various other divisions covering Education, Social Welfare, Labor, Communications, Distribution, Light Industry, Fuel and Power, Agriculture, Conservation and Reclamation, Defense, Foreign Trade, Statistics and Research, Organization, and Coordination.

There are also nine regional Planning Commissions covering particular states as groups: the New England states, the Middle Atlantic, the South Atlantic, the Gulf, the Great Lakes, the Great Plains, the Southwest, the Rocky Mountain and the Pacific. Each of the forty-eight states in the Union also has its own Planning Commission, as does each county, each city and, in the more sparsely settled agricultural districts, each unit of population amounting to ten thousand or more. In addition to all of these planning units on a geographical, or what is sometimes termed *horizontal,* basis, there are the functional, or *vertical,* planning commissions. That is, each industry as a whole, heading up into the main divisions of the National Planning Commission, has its own planning commission, as does each substantial subsection within each industry.

This vast network of planning commissions constitutes the eyes, ears, and coordinating brain of America's system of socialist planning. Assuming agreement on the presidential term in the United States as an appropriate time span, the National Planning Commission welds together in one vast, integrated Four Year Plan all the minor plans and reports of all the regional, state, county, city, industrial, agricultural, and cultural planning units throughout the entire country. It is this commission at Washington that from week to week, from month to month, from year to year, casts its all-seeing vision over the economic activities of the nation and shifts the schedules within the plan to keep pace with new and unpredictable developments. This flexibility is facilitated by the fact that inside each national Four Year Plan there are one-year, quarterly, and even one-month plans; and that there are also four-year plans, one-year plans, and so on for each geographical and functional planning unit within the system.

It is essential to note that the plans drawn up by the National Planning Commission, while extremely important and influential, are in the last analysis only advisory and must be passed by Congress and signed by the President according to our regular democratic procedures. They are all subject to debate, criticism, and amendment like other measures brought before the Senate and House of Representatives. This naturally entails a considerable amount of reorganization in the federal government, in addition to those far-reaching changes in the structure of the state that the establishment of socialism in place of capitalism renders necessary.

Of course my blueprint of socialist planning in the USA is a tentative one which I in no sense regard as final or unalterable. Also, there are many significant details that I have not been able to discuss in this rather general sketch, but some of which I shall bring into my next article when I answer the chief objections offered against a planned economy. However, I hope I have made clear that the new order, worked out in America in the American way, will so free our nation from the cramping shackles of the profit system that the $5,000 standard-of-living goal for every family which, in my first article, I set as the probable result of the first Four Year Plan, will be only the prologue to the fulfillment of projects almost unlimited in scope and grandeur. We all know how tragically the countless splendid individual intelligences and abilities of our people keep canceling one another out in the chaotic anarchy of unplanned capitalism. Socialist planning will release and coordinate these frustrated intelligences and abilities, so that they will add up to nothing less than a great community mind functioning unceasingly on behalf of the greater common good. Thus socialism, in America as elsewhere, will achieve what philosophers have dreamed of from time immemorial and will embody in human affairs what is called the life of reason.

CORLISS LAMONT.

G. David

"Mary will be momma, you be poppa—and I'll be the relief investigator."

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A Challenge to Liberals

The bewilderment of the middle-of-the-roaders. Carey McWilliams, an outstanding defender of civil rights, talks back to the fomenters of intellectual chaos.

WE FACE in America today a profound crisis in liberal thought. Since May 10, 1940, this crisis has deepened as confusion and bewilderment have grown by leaps and bounds. The shock of the swift Nazi engulfment of Holland and Belgium and the defeat of the British forces in Flanders has brought the war into the front yard of America; and it has occasioned something very much like an overnight revolution in liberal thought. Unfortunately, however, we are not thinking our way through to a new orientation; on the contrary, we are jumping from conclusion to conclusion as the Nazi forces advance. Now—if ever—is the time to think hard; to avoid hasty assumptions; to maintain, if it is at all possible to do so, some semblance of sanity in a world that has gone mad. Irreparable damage can be done the liberal cause in America by unthinking, brash, and ill considered rhetoric.

In an effort to illustrate what has been happening in the world of liberalism, I want to refer to three remarkable papers which have recently appeared in the *Nation* and the *New Republic*—those house organs of the liberal movement—by Archibald MacLeish, Lewis Mumford, and Waldo Frank. Please understand that I regard these papers as important, not as personal statements by three distinguished American writers, but as highly significant and revealing documents in the sense that they mirror and reflect what thousands of American liberals are thinking at the moment. All three articles occasioned something like a major sensation and the response to them clearly indicates that Messrs. MacLeish, Mumford, and Frank do not stand alone. I say these statements are significant, and for this reason, namely, that these men have definitely broken with the liberal tradition. Under the impact of the great emotional excitement that has made neurotics out of most of us during the last few weeks, these men have, in effect, said farewell to liberalism. Mr. MacLeish followed up his article by an address recently in New York City in which he said, in substance, that such post-war writers as John Dos Passos and Ernest Hemingway had unwittingly unnerved America; that in describing war as horrible and senseless and insane, they had taken from thousands of Americans the will to defend their country, the will to fight. When one of the leading intellectual figures of a great nation—and Mr. MacLeish certainly qualifies for this distinction—will make a statement of this kind it clearly and unmistakably indicates that the foundations of liberal thought have been seriously undermined. This same kind of condemnation would, I suppose, also place a ban on Tolstoy, Emerson, and Thoreau; it is in effect tantamount to saying that the teachings of Jesus Christ are treasonable.

This sort of talk becomes only the more confusing when one hears Senator Pepper, a spokesman for the administration, announce over the radio that this war is being fought to save our religion, or, in his words, "to save our Jehovah." Apparently there are many Jehovahs, for many who profess themselves adherents of the faith are being prosecuted by the very forces in whose name Senator Pepper speaks.

During the last eight years I have defended, on numerous occasions, a religious group known as Jehovah's Witnesses. I have had occasion to meet hundreds of adherents of this belief; to read their innumerable and dizzily phrased pamphlets, and to listen to their radio programs. . . . Insofar as the ordinary rank-and-file membership of this group is concerned, it would be difficult to imagine a more harmless, sincere, devoted, and—according to their lights—pious people. Yet the other day I read in the newspapers that seventy of them had been jailed in Texas as members, if you please, of a so-called fifth column. This is merely an indication that confusion has grown chronic . . . that the insanity of war has already deeply affected our thinking.

Students of fascism have pointed out repeatedly that the fascists deliberately bring about a perversion in the meaning of words; that is, that words are robbed of their ordinary and accepted meaning and are given, by repetition, an entirely different connotation. This phenomenon is already apparent in America. Under cover of the prevailing general hysteria, the most amazing historical doctrines are being promulgated. I want to quote a brief excerpt from a speech that W. C. Mullendore, executive vice president of the Southern California Edison Co., gave . . . at the Biltmore Hotel. Mr. Mullendore, to quote from the story, "laid the present difficulties of the French Army at the door of the Blum Popular Front government."

> We might imagine a stern justice saying to the Popular Front leaders: Here is the suffering, the carnage and slaughter which was being prepared for your people while you were playing with gadgets of social reform, destroying their belief in their old leadership and providing them with false and inexperienced leaders. While the Germans were working longer hours and producing more, the workers of France were defying their employers, working shorter hours, and producing less.

. . . What is one to say of such misrepresentation that ignores as though it were non-existent, the base connivance by which Flandin and Laval betrayed the real interests of France? It was the adherents of the Popular Front who shouted "airplanes for Spain" and tried by every means at their disposal—including, you will remember, a general strike—to hammer some sense into Leon Blum and Daladier—all to no avail. Mr. Mullendore, moreover, draws the parallel: all that we have known as the New Deal in America, in his view, must go; we must no longer have any traffic whatsoever with what he calls—and I ask you to reflect upon the cynicism of the remark—"the gadgets of social reform."

Earlier I referred to an article by Lewis Mumford. This article was entitled, and significantly, "The Corruption of Liberalism." Mumford and MacLeish and Frank now actually charge that the liberals of this world are responsible for the present chaos in Europe. When hysteria can go so far as to bring about this amazing spectacle of liberals, so-called, standing up in the gaze of the world and making whipping posts of themselves, voluntarily assuming, if you please, responsibility for the madness that is abroad in the world, then certainly we stand on the brink of a grave political crisis in this country. The men who make declarations of this kind reveal by their statements that they have wholly misread the history of post-war Europe or that they have forgotten it.

It was not because of liberalism that the crisis deepened in Europe. On the contrary, the lesson everywhere to be read is that liberalism was betrayed, and democracy was sabotaged, by those who gave mere lip service to its ideals. To paraphrase Mr. Roosevelt, the real dagger that was buried in the heart of France was buried there years ago; it was buried there by the two hundred families who rule France and by their miserable puppets, Laval, Flandin, Daladier, Leon Blum. And the same dagger was buried in England by Sir John Simon, Sir Samuel Hoare, and Neville Chamberlain. This same Anthony Eden, suddenly rehabilitated by parliamentary decree, was the instrument through whom non-intervention was used to crucify Spain. In all history there is perhaps no blacker record of betrayal than that to which I refer. Yet in the face of this damning record, and of a mountainous accumulation of evidence to support it, we are now told, in all seriousness, that this tragedy has come about because of some ideological flaw in the liberal premise, some inherent weakness in the democratic dogma. . . . Yet Mr. MacLeish entitles his article "The Irresponsibles" and charges that the intellectuals—the liberal intellectuals of the world—are responsible for our present world debacle. . . .

This type of hysterical recanting is significant, not only because it involves an implicit

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repudiation of liberalism as such, but because, by confusing many already highly confused individuals, it weakens our faith in democracy and our belief in liberalism. It is in itself a shameful betrayal. It is, moreover, significant in still another sense. Messrs. MacLeish, Mumford, and Frank are, of course, really saying in effect that America should enter this war immediately in support of the Allies. They realize what our entry into the war would mean; that it would involve a serious threat to the existence of civil liberties in this country. Consequently, these gentlemen are getting ready, in advance of the fact, to become apologists for the strong arm processes that are in the making. Metaphysicians at heart, they are already rationalizing their acceptance of a totalitarian America. . . . Before we have even become involved in this war an important section of our intellectual world has announced its fundamental dissent from the liberal tradition. I know of no better proof of the seriousness of the period into which we are already far advanced.

It is, indeed, remarkable how swiftly the great betrayal is being organized in America. On March 2 and 3, 1940, I attended the Annual Conference of the American Committee for the Protection of the Foreign Born in Washington, D. C. To this conference President Roosevelt sent a message of greeting which said, in part:

> Every American takes pride in our tradition of hospitality to men of all races and of all creeds. We must be constantly vigilant against the attacks of intolerance and injustice; we must remember that any oppression and injustice, any hatred, is a wedge to attack our civilization.

Earlier the New York *Times* on Dec. 7, 1939, had editorialized as follows: "Anti-alien campaigns of whatever nature are a sickening travesty of Americanism." Yet how quickly these sentiments evaporated! On May 24, 1940, the New York *Times* was adding its powerful voice to the clamor of those who sought to register and fingerprint all aliens in this country; and on May 22 the President urged more "effective control over aliens." In other words, our resident alien population had become, in the space of a few brief months, a force potentially hostile to the security of the country; and that "sickening travesty of Americanism" referred to by the *Times* had become a reality. With the notable and, I might add, the noble exception of Senator George Norris, scarcely a voice was lifted in Congress against the anti-alien campaign unrolled by the administration. It may be possible for some American liberals to view these extraordinary reversals of opinion with equanimity and composure; I find it impossible to ignore the dangerous implications so unmistakably indicated. The forces of opposition have withered away; the "fair-weather" liberals have swum ashore.

The fact is, as I see it, that we face a real dilemma. On June 3, 1940, Dr. J. Anton de Haas, of the Graduate School of Business Administration at Harvard, said: "Our economic world has been scrambled for us and it will never be put together again. The rest of the world is racing away from free competition. Can we build in that world, when we refuse to adjust ourselves to it?" In other words, regimentation and control are likely to come to this country—are, if you will, in the process of being organized now—regardless of what our immediate relation to the war in Europe may be or of the outcome of that war. The basis upon which world trade was organized prior to Sept. 1, 1939, is no longer valid. That system is, I believe, dead. To reorganize our economy, on whatever basis, will necessarily require control, collective effort, and, above all, planning. Thus, national defense, properly understood, is not inconsistent with genuine social reform, or with basic reconstruction, for that matter. Since national defense is demanded by all groups, the dilemma arises: How can we prepare and remain free? How can we fortify our position and yet press forward with those basic social reforms which are themselves, at the moment, the best, the most necessary, the most essential condition of national defense?

There is a theory current in the air these days that this crisis is simply "one of those things"—a dreaded experience which has to be undergone; but that, once it is out of the way, then we can go on about our business of social reform. This, it seems to me, is a gross and dangerous illusion. The President seems to have forgotten the story of Pandora's chest. Once you have released in our national life forces that have been dormant, but by no means quiescent, during the last eight years, once you have called upon these forces, invited them to come forward, released them, in other words, all the forces of our liberal democracy may not be powerful enough to confine them again. In fact, their power has never been crushed; it has grown constantly throughout the last eight years. To name names would serve no purpose, but the temptation to name at least a few cannot be passed over. You will find in the New York *Times,* in the summer of 1936, a long interview with William Knudsen upon his return from a visit to Nazi Germany. At that time Mr. Knudsen was almost lyrical in his praise of the great accomplishments of the Nazi regime. Today this same Mr. Knudsen is one of the coordinators of our defense program. . . .

These developments bode no good for civil liberties and the rights of labor. To turn a national defense program over to such arch-enemies of democracy is to ensure the defeat of that dual aspect of genuine national defense, namely, a democratic reconstruction of our economy. Already it has been suggested that we must have naval and air bases in Central and South America. But under cover of this claimed necessity we can rest assured that we will move in, so to speak, to control the trade of South America. We will thus find ourselves, overnight, embarked upon a program of imperialism. This is what happens when you summon the enemies of democracy to join in a crusade to preserve democracy. . . .

Michaels

The imperative which we face as a nation is the imperative of planning, social planning, to take charge of our national economic life, to control it, to reorganize and if necessary reconstruct it, to point it in the direction of social progress. National defense demands that we take this action; national defense also demands that this program should not be entrusted to the sworn enemies and betrayers of democracy. This should be a people's program of national defense. It should not be a smokescreen under the protection of which reaction will seize every bridgehead in America and point the guns, not at the enemy abroad, but at the heart of democracy in this country. If we walk into this straitjacket blindly, stupidly, emotionally, we don't need to think that we will get out of it without a fight. It is likely to be a one way street. . . .

If we are to meet the threat of totalitarianism, it must be upon a militant and aggressive basis. No program limited to the defense of civil liberties as such can hope to be successful. The world is in the throes of manifold revolutionary disturbances: in economy, war technology, in social and political forms of organization. . . . This situation does not require, even for strategic purposes, that we scrap our liberal ideals or abandon our faith in democratic processes. But it does demand affirmative action; realistic political foresight. . . . Democracies can plan more ably and more intelligently than can totalitarian powers. But we have all sorts of anti-democratic forces at work in our democracy. It is when these forces block the execution of the popular will that the danger arises, for the imperative to plan will not and cannot be denied. And today the great danger is that these forces will gain the upper hand in America. They will plan for us all right; but it will be a type of planning indistinguishable in method and objective from that now current in the totalitarian countries. The immediate future will be determined by the question of what groups within the nation will be entrusted with the task of national defense and, accompanying that, the reconstruction of our economy which is so clearly indicated. If this task is turned over to the incompetents who have wrought such havoc in America in years past, then we had better prepare to dig in, to become the voiceless minions of a strong-arm government. If the task is placed in the hands of the real democratic forces in this country—and those that can and should be released for this purpose—then we can avoid this cruel dilemma and achieve both objec-

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tives: national defense and the preservation of liberal institutions.

No one knows what sudden turns and detours this war may take, to what quarters it may spread, or what developments it may precipitate. But this acknowledged fact is only the more reason why we should cling with great tenacity to what assurances we have. We should realize that the foes of democracy will never defend democracy; that dictatorships have arisen in part through an unscrupulous use of so-called emergencies to undermine democratic processes; and that the external menace is invariably used as a pretext to justify the seizure of power. We should also realize that the disorder, waste, and impoverishment caused by the operation of undemocratic forces in our industrial society make inevitably for the necessity of control.

We must acknowledge the necessity for our democracy to become powerful—powerful enough to cope with its enemies abroad and at home. . . . Certainly now is no time to become panicstricken and rush pell-mell into the arms of our enemies shouting, "Save us and deliver us." The enemies of democracy are advancing rapidly to the foreground of our national life today, protected by a heavy barrage of excited speculation about an invasion of the Men from Mars. The danger is very real, I grant, but this danger can be used as a savage hoax to seize power. We are all prepared to make sacrifices; but there are some sacrifices which cannot be made. We should never sacrifice civil liberties, or turn over the management and control of our economic life to a set of buccaneers to whom the very notion of democracy is offensive; we should never consent to such an abridgement of labor's rights as to deprive it of its right to self-defense, a necessity just as real in wartime as in times of peace. We should repudiate any national defense program manned by those interests who have proven themselves incapable of disinterested statesmanship; who stand indicted and convicted as the Lavals, the Sir Samuel Hoares, and the Neville Chamberlains of America. Regardless of whether the Nazis win or lose the war; regardless of whether we intervene or stay out, the old order is dead and cannot be revived. But the die-hards will not concede this fact and they are determined to make America the last stronghold in the world—not the last stronghold of democracy—but of that impenitent and unregenerate social system that has brought about the present world crisis. These interests cannot be trusted with leadership; they cannot, and will not, defend democracy. Only the people can defend democracy, and our task is to see to it that they, not their enemies, are assigned this task.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS.

Mr. McWilliams' article is abridged from a speech he delivered recently at a civil liberties rally in Los Angeles. The article is reprinted from "The Open Forum," a Los Angeles community newspaper. — THE EDITORS.

Brooklyn Sedition Trial Ends
With 9 Acquittals, 5 Mistrials
Disagreement on Bishop and Four Others Leaves
Further Action in Doubt; Case Begun by F. B. I.
Raid on Jan. 14; Jury Deliberated 47½ Hours
Nine of the fourteen men on trial since April 3 in United States District Court in Brooklyn in the so-called Christian Front case went last night after the jury had forty-seven and a
two cases the jury acquitted count and disagreed on the also causing mistrials. Ju cus B. Campbell orders continued excu was returne dants
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Situation Wanted—Female

The ad cost $1.36 and Irene Jeffri learned what it means to be placed on the block. A rapid stenographer: weight 125 pounds, height five feet six, single.

AFTER two and a half months of tramping the streets, answering blind ads, and applying for housework, I decided to put an ad in the "Situations Wanted" column. This, I was told, was a more dignified way of getting employment. An employer considers those who advertise to be from the "better class" of people—they have more means.

I scraped together $1.36 and put in two lines for four days. It's cheaper that way. For fear I'd miss an important call, I glued myself to the phone. My landlady purchased my food for me and I arranged to stay in the four days.

Not one call came in the first day. The morning of the second day the newspaper called to inquire if I liked the position and wording of my ad and whether I'd consider extending it for a week. "No, thank you! That's another 66 cents," or two days' food. In the afternoon a man called and offered me $65 a month, room and board. Strange, indeed! Hiring a stenographer with room and board. After answering a few formal questions, the gentleman wanted to know my age and size. Funny, isn't it? But I replied satisfactorily.

"Realizing that getting a stenographer's position is quite difficult nowadays, would you consider, Miss Jeffri, working as a stenographer-companion? I have a beautiful home. I'm there all alone, except for my butler and cook. No one will bother you. I'm a ways out of town, but I can arrange to bring you in whenever you wish." A plea to join him in matrimony was lacking, but I expected it.

"I appreciate your kind offer, sir. I know that the butler and cook won't bother me. But you will. You better call a matrimonial agency, they will take care of you." And I hung up.

My landlady who was listening in to our conversation approved. "My, my. He's just a little angel who dropped down from heaven to save another hungry soul. He's probably one of those old fossils who wants a young girl and looks for one where he can get her—from the unemployed and desperate. I know this town better than you. I've seen these girls. They lived in my home. They suddenly disappear, leave their clothes or old rags behind, and I never hear from them again." She showed me a closetful of women's clothes, carefully folded and stored away. If they don't show up in six weeks she sells their clothes to cover up the back rent or other indebtedness.

Now who's next? Come on, telephone—say something. Let it even be a wrong number, but answer my ad, someone. I paid $1.36 for it. I need work. There it is.

"May I speak to the young lady who advertised this morning?"

"Speaking."

"This is Mr. Cunningham speaking, of the —— Employees Association. We have an opening for two girls. It isn't exactly stenographic work. We need two girls for office and factory work combined. We pay well, $22.50 to start with. Would you be interested?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Cunningham. I do need work badly. But what is that —— Employees Association, a labor union or what?"

"Yes, we are a labor union. We are independent, not affiliated with anyone. We are having a little trouble in one place and a few men left their jobs. So we have put on girls, and need two more. It's really mostly factory work, but we'd rather have girls who can also do some office work, because there may be a vacancy in the office, too."

"I'm very much interested. If you let me have your phone number and the address of your office, I'll either come down or give you a ring in about half an hour." He gave me that information.

That name, "—— Employees Association," didn't sound right to me. Neither did the gentleman calling. He was too anxious. He was offering too much money for a new hand. I started some checking up. The AFL Central Labor Council didn't know Mr. Cunningham nor his outfit; had no way of tracing it, they said. Couldn't be bothered. The CIO office also didn't know anything about it, but the name Cunningham sounded vaguely familiar. Will call me back in half an hour. Yes, we have the dope on him now. He's building a company union in competition with an existing AFL union. Several of the old-timers, one who was eligible for a pension and two who were trying to organize the shop 100 percent, were fired. This started a commotion in the plant. A strike was threatened. The man to whom I spoke expressed his sympathy with me but urged me not to come into the shop or office; the new recruits, he said, are actually scabs, but they don't know it.

So that's what it was. Hell, no! I'd rather starve than be a scab or help build a company union. I called Mr. Cunningham and told him to go to hell with his job.

Now who's next? Will my ad bring me a job? The Lord only knows how badly I need work. A number of other calls did come in.

A school teacher had two hours' typing, 50 cents an hour. But I'd have to come for the work and deliver it. I accepted and made 86 cents clear. A photographer's studio called and wanted to know if I'd be interested in soliciting members of the elite for pictures. I had too much disgust for the elite to face them with a smile. Besides, it was all on a commission basis, my own fare and, if need be, my own entertainment expenses. I didn't have any dough to lay out for that. Then I'm still a rapid stenographer, with no selling experience. One old man, whom I could barely understand over the phone, asked me to come to his rooming house for an interview—he claimed he had some typing for me. I had to report at 6:30 a.m. because the typed sheets had to be delivered to a horse racing field by 9:00 a.m. I worked two mornings, from 6:30 to 8:30 a.m., for this old man (who told me he was sixty-nine but who looked like ninety-six). The third morning he told me there were no more racing sheets to type. He lost too much money and was closing up.

One gentleman, whose voice still rings in my ears, really had a job for me—in his imagination, at least. "I read your ad and I'm interested in your type of a person. I would like a little more information about you. Describe yourself a bit." I told him I was twenty-eight, single, fair in appearance, ten years' experience, considered an alert and efficient worker with executive abilities.

"Married?"

"No, single."

"That's fine. I hope you don't mind my asking you how tall you are and how much you weigh."

I hesitated a moment. I didn't know whether he would like me with or without the five pounds I lost while looking for a job, and whether he prefers the petite five feet, four inches or the rather tall five feet, six inches, which is what I measure in my high-heeled shoes. This gentleman misunderstood my hesitation and explained the reason for such a question.

"For eighteen years I've been in the apartment house business. I rent apartments, clean them up, furnish them nicely, install switchboards, etc., and then I put a capable manager in charge. I have such an apartment house all ready and need an executive person—one who's capable, alert, and has some business abilities—to take it off my hands. Most of the time you will spend at the switchboard; there will be a little typing and some bookkeeping. There is no stenographic work in it to speak of. However, I pay more than the average steno gets. We also prefer to have you live in the building. We furnish you with a free, single apartment. We need one who's not too skinny, nor too fat, or tiny. There is a big future for one who qualifies."

I was really getting excited now. It sounded on the level. I visualized a well lit apartment building, with a lovely reception room and Irene Jeffri in the middle, receiving guests, directing them to their rooms; or telling a new arrival that "We are terribly sorry, but we are all filled up. No vacancy today." While he talked I saw myself in the single apart-

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ment on the third floor. Why, it was a dream! He was waiting for my reply.

"I am *rather* interested." I wanted to impress him as being a business woman, yet independent, with the choice left in my hands. "How about my size? I'm five feet, six inches, and weigh one hundred twenty-five pounds. I'm what is known as a 'perfect 16.' As to my qualifications, it would be necessary to talk to you in greater detail personally, since this is quite a new line for me."

"Well, you see, Miss Jeffri, I prefer one who has not had experience in this field. We like to train our managers our own way and break them in properly. If you are free tonight at about 5:30, I will be glad to talk to you then."

Of course I accepted the invitation. In the excitement I failed to ask him for his address. He gave me his phone number, saying that he was a hard man to find in, as he spent a lot of his time checking on the various apartments. I called that number. A very sweet, young voice answered: "Good afternoon, Station K-F-H-Z." You know that singing, tra-la-la-la voice. Hearing that was like being pricked by a needle. What the devil do I want with "Station K-F-H-Z, tra-la-la-la"? It's Mr. Dunlap, Mr. Dunlap that I need. He may have a job for me. Did I get the wrong number? Have I lost track of Mr. Dunlap?

"Do you have a Mr. Dunlap?" I asked very meekly.

"Yes, madam. We have a Mr. Dunlap. He's out right now. No, I can't tell you where you may reach him. He's a hard man to get a hold of. Is there any message for him?"

"Why, no, there's no message. But he wanted to see me after 5:30 and he didn't tell me where. Do you have any idea where I may be able to find Mr. Dunlap at about 5:30?"

"The only place you can reach him at such an hour is at his home. His number is ——."

This was a 15-cent call. It's a suburb number. I called at five. A man, evidently the butler, answered. No, Mr. Dunlap hasn't arrived yet. He's expected at 5:30. I called again. Another 15 cents. The same butler answered. Sorry, madam. Mr. Dunlap called, said he's unavoidably detained; has an important appointment at 5:30 and will come home shortly after dinner. I called again at eight.

"Yes, this is Mr. Dunlap."

"Well, this is Miss Jeffri. I spoke to you today. You called me in regard to my ad."

"I'm sure there is some mistake, young lady. I didn't speak to you today, nor did I answer any ad."

"I realize that now. You don't sound like the man who called me. Evidently it was another Mr. Dunlap who called me. I'm terribly sorry to have disturbed you."

At nine the same evening "my own Mr. Dunlap" called me again. He apologized for his failure to have left his address. Since it was so late, would I be free to come the following day, the same time, to his home. I jotted down the address. Repeated it. I asked for the phone number again. It was the same one I called—the radio station number. I began to feel a bit uneasy about it. After he hung up, I started checking the address. It was a hotel "For Men." I got the phone number. The manager explained. "Please, Miss Jeffri, do not disturb Mr. Dunlap. He is not well.'" I pleaded for a more thorough explanation. I told him about my conversations with him during the day and the offer of a job, which I needed very badly.

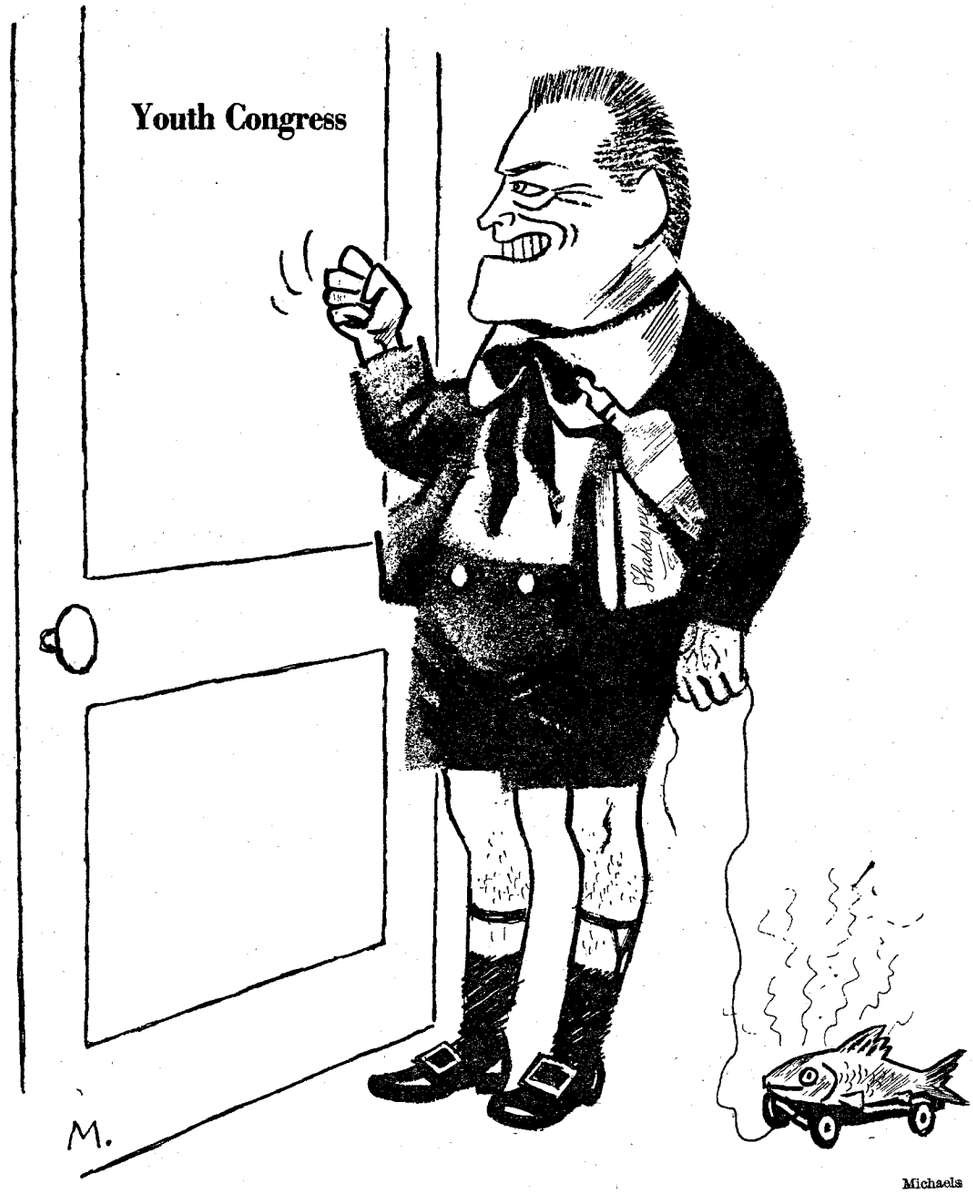
"Mr. Dunlap was for eighteen years in the apartment house business. He was quite a prosperous man. But in the 1929 crash he went broke. He lost everything. He's now on the County Relief. The county pays his rent. In our hotel he's known as 'the touched one.' Every once in a while he calls up girls and offers them big jobs. He impersonates some radio announcers who have the same name. He thinks he's still hiring managers for his apartments. We've had calls from other girls just like you. He studies the 'Situations Wanted' columns, he goes to employment agencies and asks to interview girls for jobs. We'll appreciate it if you don't make any trouble for him."

My four days' ad ran out. Once more I continued answering blind ads and going to the agencies. One agency got me a job as a bookkeeper. I paid $40 for it (to be paid out with my first two weeks' pay). But I'm not a bookkeeper. Really never did full charge bookkeeping before.

IRENE JEFFRI.

She Couldn't Take It

LIZZIE, the largest elephant in the Philadelphia zoo, died on the opening day of the Republican convention in that city. It's reported that she got a good look at the candidates first.



Michaels

Master Tunney Pays a Visit

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The Grab for South America

The big boys see the war as an opportunity for coming out on top in the greatest trade conflict in history. The pawns on the imperialist chessboard.

FROM the newspapers one gathers that Germany's chief export to South America has been "fifth columns." Americans are terrorized with predictions of Hitler miraculously transported to the pampas and heading north. That's to prickle the scalp of the naive. What American business wants is its monopoly extended from the Rio Grande to Patagonia and, for that matter—although it is "unsportsmanlike" to mention it just now—from the International Line to the Arctic. Unsavory dictatorships in Latin American countries have never been a bar to Wall Street. If supporting or creating new Machados or Gomez' will help tighten the hold of Yankee finance capital, our conscripted young men will be sent to "safeguard democracy" in Uruguay or Brazil or Mexico. It is for this, among other reasons equally noble, that "defense" budgets are hustled through Congress.

For big business and its bankers the war has opened wide the doors which they have successfully but laboriously been forcing. They foresee now an era during which they can dominate Latin American and other markets. They will buy cheap and sell high. They will enrich and tie to themselves the native ruling classes of these countries. They will leave to their Latin American satellites the job of keeping the people down, pinioned to be fleeced. And if the people should resist—then it will not be for nothing that we are to have fifty thousand planes and a million men in arms. That is the future as American imperialism envisages it.

THE "RECIPROCITY" GAME

But as American business views the scene, with the administration eager to aid, now is the time to hasten the process which has already won for it predominance in Latin America. Study the operations of Roosevelt's trade agreements program and gradually, as through a fluoroscope, you perceive the vital organs of American imperialism in action. Just as business clothes its aims with the vestments of "service" so the politicians have their pulpit words. One of them is "reciprocity." A "reciprocal trade agreement" sounds like an aboveboard, give-and-take proposition. To an extent nations can actually show gains. Actually, however, this program of trade agreements has already succeeded in tying Latin America to Wall Street more firmly than ever before.

In a world struck down by the terrible blows of the 1929-33 collapse finance capital in the United States fought for world markets. In a preceding article ("Credits That Lead to War," NEW MASSES, June 18) the role of the Export-Import Bank was outlined. The commercial treatymaking powers of the State Department, especially as manifested in the reciprocal trade agreements, have been the companion agency, aiding American business in its drive for markets and dominion.

If a trade agreement between the United States and another country affected only the two partners to the deal the balance sheet would be simple. But Great Britain, Germany, and Japan were also striving to penetrate the same rich markets which American business covets. Since, in addition, the exports of all four major powers have been largely similar, it is obvious that a gain by one or more had to be at the expense of the others.

The Trade Agreements Act of 1934 was passed to provide an instrument in the hands of American business with which to regain the markets it had lost between 1929 and 1933. In 1929, 36 percent of all imports by Latin American countries came from the United States. By 1933 our share had dropped to 24.5 percent. On the other hand, their imports from Great Britain actually rose from 14 percent to 16 percent of the total in the same period. Germany's share was less than 9 percent in 1929 and was unchanged in 1933 when Hitler seized the Reich. By 1936 Latin American imports from Germany had risen to 14 percent of the total. Meanwhile Japan's share, while smaller, quadrupled during these years.

TRADE WAR

The United States had had a hand in starting the greatest trade war in history. Among our contributions was the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act of 1930 with its high duties that shut out foreign products in a vain and blind effort to save our tottering economy. France countered in 1931 with her quota system on imports. In the same year Britain abandoned free trade in favor of "protection" and in 1932 concluded the Ottawa agreements with her dominions, increasing the discrimination against foreign nations trading with the various sections of the British empire. Currency devaluation by England, the United States, France, Japan, and other countries stifled export trade instead of expanding it. Then, beginning in 1933, Germany's barter system of trade began to make itself felt, and Japan started to dump her goods in this frenzy for new markets.

That was the background for the Trade Agreements Act and the Export-Import Bank. The results were salutary. The share of the United States in Latin America's imports rose from 24.5 percent in 1933 to 29.4 percent in 1936 and kept going up. Great Britain lost ground, but Germany gained.

There was a twofold danger in the German encroachment particularly. Not only was Germany entering our precious preserves, but her barter method of trading actually impeded our foreign business in wider areas. Thus, for example, the United States sold to Great Britain more than she bought from her, but we bought more from Brazil than we sold. Brazil, however, imported more from Britain than she shipped to her. In this system of triangular trade, England could pay her debts to us by the dollar exchange she received from Brazil. But when Brazil bartered her products directly for German goods it diminished England's trade with Brazil and perforce ours with England. Moreover, the use of "blocked" marks forced additional Brazilian purchases from Germany.

Repeated in a score of markets this process and its extension spelled doom for English trade as America's share swelled and as German economy grew more desperate and its dumping covered wider areas. To milords of Threadneedle Street, Hitler's refusal to seek the rich fields of the Ukraine meant that he must intensify his drive for the markets of his chief rivals. The English surely knew that the Nazi leader indulged in no rhetoric when he said, "We must export or die."

Against both Germany and England, as well as Japan, the reciprocal trade agreements program went out to do battle for American business. Its success can be measured. The average value of exports from the United States to the trade agreement countries for 1938-39 was 63 percent higher than for the years 1934-35. Our exports to the non-agreement nations increased only 31.7 percent. It is of particular interest today to observe that the increase in our exports to the Netherlands East Indies was 201 percent while our imports from these rich possessions of Queen Wilhelmina increased 74 percent. That helps account for our avuncular if not proprietary concern over their future.

STRUGGLE FOR SOUTH AMERICA

When the Ottawa agreement was smashed our exports to Canada increased 53 percent and our imports 16 percent for 1938-39 against 1934-35. Not only did Great Britain meet American competition in her own dominions but she faced our exports in such a stronghold as Argentina. During the five-year period from 1934 to 1939 American exports to the Argentine rose 72 percent, but our imports from that country showed only a slight rise. A closer scrutiny reveals the powerful struggle for this rich market. Both England and Germany strove to drive American products out, and between 1938 and 1939 our exports dropped 18 percent. In an effort to counteract their pressure, American imports from Argentina were increased 52 percent in 1939 over 1938. In the case of Uruguay, American business was losing ground. It was only in 1939

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that our efforts resulted in a rise of 2 percent over our exports to Uruguay in 1938, but that was achieved by increasing our imports from that land by over 97 percent.

Clearly the reciprocal trade agreements succeeded in increasing American exports to the signatory countries, and even with the unwilling nations we expanded our business. But always this was at the expense of our rivals. Actually England was the chief sufferer. Thus, taking sixteen trade agreement countries, the share of the United States in their total imports rose from 12 percent in 1933 to 20 percent in 1938. For 1939 the percentage will be greater; for 1940 it will be vastly swollen.

In 1913, just before the beginning of the first world war, England's share of Latin American imports was 20 percent and the United States supplied 24 percent. By 1937 our share was 34 percent and England's 13 percent. This war will shrink Great Britain's trade still more.

Make a comparison country by country in Latin America for the year 1938 and you will discover that British and German exports to these lands included scores of identical or similar products in textiles, machinery, chemicals, and manufactured goods. Japanese competition has so far been principally in textiles. All these are also products of American industry. When the United States went out to get the business it employed the Good Neighbor policy, Mr. Hull's episcopal benevolence, Roosevelt's mellifluous speeches, and the sharper weapons of the trade agreements and credits from the Export-Import Bank. With the outbreak of the war Mr. Welles hauled out of its handy closet the Big Stick of an earlier Roosevelt.

Not until the war started was Germany eliminated as an active competitor. Thus England's declaration of war automatically put out of the running the most dangerous rival for the markets which American finance capital wants. Great Britain herself is far less formidable, although with Japan she is trying desperately to hold on to her hunting grounds.

GREAT BRITAIN AND JAPAN

Both island empires are vigorously opposing American domination. The recent failure of negotiations for trade agreements with Argentina and Uruguay is evidence of their pressure and their blandishments. Nor is there lacking evidence that England's policy in Latin America, as in the Far East, is to play Japan against the United States. For example, Japan's total exports to Uruguay and the Argentine in 1938 amounted to less than $7,000,000, while Britain's totaled $110,512,000. Yet Japan has just succeeded in signing agreements with Uruguay and Argentina which, according to John W. White, New York *Times* correspondent in Buenos Aires, "discriminate against the United States in favor of Japan on more than 1,200 items, more than a thousand of which formerly figured more or less prominently among United States exports to Argentina." This is an interesting division of labor, for Great Britain has been the great source of imports for these two countries and the principal obstacle to American efforts. Meanwhile, all through South America the Germans are promising to come back stronger than ever after the war, with wares enriched by their new conquests in Europe.

Already, in the first six months of the war, United States exports to Latin America have risen 54 percent over the corresponding period of 1938-39. The products these countries bought from England and Germany before the war are coming in increasing quantities from the United States. It is to anchor these markets securely to our industry and banks that Lindbergh, for example, suggests the establishment of air bases in Canada and the Latin American countries, always in terms of "defense."

Upon American capitalism lies this grim compulsion to grab and squeeze more and more markets, peoples upon peoples, in its tentacles. There was a time when our resources and our free land gave rich fodder to the growing industries. There was a time when immigrants flocked to the United States to provide cheap labor for exploitation and a vast market for the products of our farms and factories. But today the free land is occupied and much of it is burned out. The resources have all been tapped. Restrictions have closed the gates to immigration. Unemployment stalks the land. That is why American capital is hungry for colonial conquest.

That hunger is not the hunger of the American people who want peace, bread, jobs, and their civil rights. But for the American imperialism of 1940 all these must be sacrificed—unless the man in the field and the man in the factory tear off their blinders and see the road down which they are being led.

FRANK J. WALLACE.

Letter to John Doe

After the silent partner's heard,
And the magnate,
he of the double-entry logic;
After the speeches and the army bands
And the emotions blaring;
After the statesmen,
the strident crows,
And the women, the good wives,
Loaning the bloodthirsty their beauty;

The thunder and the lightning poise
The wind halts, unfinished gesture,
And the wolves wait eager-eyed.

But the decision in the end,
The final judgment's yours
Whether the dead sunk in the world;
Whether the cities,
tumbled upon the plains
Are worth it;
Whether artillery is the voice of man.

For how shall the armies gather,
The machines of war?
How shall the wheat char
And the corpse rot
And the dim cortege of wounded tread,
Barbed-wire wreaths upon their brows?
How shall the harvest bear
White crosses in a field
If none will go?

Decide, decide,
They have unfurled a bloody year
Their violent banner in the wind!

Will death instruct,
And will the living
Above a multitude of graves,
Ascend?

RAPHAEL HAYES.

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(Continued from page 4)

to tell the whole story. They must be contrasted with the hectares still in the hands of the great feudalists who have not surrendered one jot of their holdings. Some are known to be masters of land totaling tens of thousands of hectares. Only some 1,600,000 peasants got land; and the population is twenty million, mostly resident in the countryside.

THE PEASANTS

And so the peasantry presses for land. They expressed themselves well at the conference the other day in which representatives of the 38,000 farmers in the Laguna talked to President Cardenas. A peasant spokesman rose and forcefully recited the grievances of his fellows. They wanted *all* the land in the vicinity, of both big and small *haciendados*. They wanted *all* the water in the Laguna, and no squabbling about their rights to it. They placed a program of some sixteen points before Cardenas. When the president replied negatively the peasant arose, gravely thanked him, but said, "In any case, we want that land, Mr. President, we must have that land. We'll *have* that land."

But nonetheless Cardenas retains great popularity through the countryside. Now he is going out: his last several years did not fulfill the promise of the earlier ones, but the early years have not been forgotten. How would his successor carry on? Millions pondered that. I saw it last night in the crowd of peasants in sombreros and townsfolk in overalls who crowded the pavement outside Avila Camacho's election headquarters on the main avenue where the searchlights played brilliantly on the posters. They stood there for a long time, motionless, reading: "Camacho Will Continue the Gains of the Revolution." They were thinking hard, their lips moved as they spelled the words out. Would he?

He was the candidate of the PRM, of the grouping of progressive forces, of the trade unionists, of the peasant confederation. But latterly he had made some speeches they wondered about. He had talked of himself running the government—but what about the parties and mass organizations he was to represent? They expected him to express their will, and not vice versa. He had talked about stopping both "Communists and fascists" in the land. But the people knew the Communists had nothing in common with fascism, and the majority of the trade unionists and many peasants have a high regard for the Communists they know.

They knew too that Camacho's brother, the governor of the state of Pueblo, was a reactionary, one who had broken a strike with machine gun fire several years ago. How were the ties between him and his brother? Furthermore, there was a movement toward "unity" of the PRM and the Almazanists led by Abelardo Rodriguez last week, a unity which would only mean compromise with reaction, the further slowing up of the revolutionary process. The people, therefore, were suspicious: they would vote for Camacho, stand by him since he was the candidate of the progressive organizations, but they wanted reassurances that he would stand by them.

Other factors disturbed the people: the concessions of the government to Washington and the outlook for the "cartel" conference in Havana later this month. Although a number of South American countries have already manifested resentment toward the plans of our State Department—Argentina, Chile, Brazil, Uruguay, and Peru—the Mexican government has kept mum. In fact there did not seem to be the slightest indication that the Cardenas regime would put up a fight against the pressure of Wall Street at that gathering. Foreign Minister Eduardo Hay was no man to entrust with the task of bucking American imperialism. And there seemed to be no prospect of any champion of the people's interests appearing at Havana.

This remains the big worry among the genuine progressives in this country. How far would their government concede? It had already gone more than one step backward. Some spokesmen attempted to explain it as a "temporary tactic"—to keep the United States from backing an Almazan uprising or from sending an army down here. But there is considerable skepticism concerning the "temporary" quality of the retreat. One government spokesman told me: "We've ceded a great deal to imperialism already. Reaction has gained some thumping victories, although they were unadvertised." He was not at all certain that a brake could be put on the backward process. He was worried: he isn't alone.

The Communists, in their weekly organ, *La Voz,* lashed out against the dangers from the right. They continued to warn of the fifth-columnists within the ranks of the PRM. They supported Avila Camacho, but not uncritically. They gave him no blank check; their endorsement carried with it the forthright demand that he work for a specific program representing the needs of all the masses. And they would work tirelessly for the unity of the entire people to see to it that that program of national, social, and economic progress be carried into effect. They issued a manifesto which contained fourteen points, covering the principal needs of the nation.

Mindful of the great poverty of the people, the Communists put forth the slogan, "We want bread, work, and liberty." They proposed measures to transform into reality the promise of 1910. They called for the creation of a "full national economy and the development of domestic trade." They knew the sufferings of the people caused by the high cost of living and they proposed Popular Committees for the Cheapening of Articles of *primera necesidad*. They proposed a federal law to lower rents. They demanded genuine compliance with the statute of minimum wages throughout the land and a raise in wages to conform with the increased costs. They demanded that land be given free to the peasants and peons and that it be expropriated "without indemnity" from the latifundists. They demanded, furthermore, that farm implements necessary to the peasants be afforded them. They called for immediate improvement in the lot of the Indian people, who, some judge, constitute as much as a third of the populace.

Pivotal in the political scene is, of course, the government's foreign policy. The Communists demanded the neutrality of their country in the imperialist war and the union of all Latin American peoples to guard their sovereignty. For it is on this question that the government is known to have made concessions to Washington. The government, mind you, not the people. The Mexicans haven't forgiven the millionaires of the States for the sufferings they have inflicted.

But the government today, it is clear, has moved backward a long distance. Word has gone down from official circles to the press to guard against anything that might be construed as anti-American. The press—including *El Popular,* organ of the CTM—has scrupulously observed the government's injunction. But the masses have a different idea about this business. A little incident that happened the other night is typical. A newsreel in one of the largest movies here showed FDR making his Charlottesville address. It quoted that section about the "hand that held the dagger," etc., being plunged into the back of France. Several applauded the President's speech, but one Mexican got up from the audience, pointed to Roosevelt, and cried out: "Hypocrite! What about the dagger you plunged into the back of Republican Spain? The gringos want to drag Mexico into the war." The audience broke into cheers.

THE PEOPLE KNOW

Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt may bluster, his emissary here, Ambassador Daniels, may coo, native leaders may rationalize their retreats, but the people know their wounds. The scars of Mexico come from the lash of Wall Street. And the people are not keeping mum about that. Not at all. The forces of progress are strong; the trade union membership will fight tooth and nail to keep their organization. And they are struggling for the unity of all the proletarians in the country. The *campesinos,* too, have had a taste of what they can achieve, and their appetite is for more. There is a progressive section of the middle class that has thrown in its lot with the working class and peasantry. And they, too, won't be denied. The scene here is not set. It is in flux, and the tug of war between progress and reaction is on in full force. It is not a foregone conclusion by any means that the revolutionary process will remain static. Forces are present which can transform the PRM into a true popular front. The unity of the working class, which is fundamental in this picture, is the goal of the Mexican proletariat. I shall deal with that in a later article. At the moment one can only say that the battle is hard: who is to win this battle remains a matter of the future.

JOSEPH NORTH.

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Who Shall Defend America?

Unless military measures flow from a progressive foreign and domestic policy, national defense becomes national betrayal. Proposing Soviet-American collaboration. An editorial article.

THE American people are today faced with the necessity of making decisions regarding foreign policy and national defense that are of the gravest importance for their future welfare. These decisions cannot be left to those who now hold economic and political power. That course invites disaster. We, the people, must think hard, we must learn the lessons of Europe's tragedy, we must act with clarity and resolution.

NEW MASSES maintained from the beginning that victory for either side in the imperialist conflict would be a catastrophe for the people of all countries and for the cause of genuine democracy. Only action by the popular forces to defeat both groups of predatory powers and establish a democratic peace could avert that fate. The catastrophe has come. Though victory for one side is not yet complete and there is always the possibility that the balance may turn, the collapse of France and Nazi domination of western Europe up to the English Channel is a major disaster whose consequences are far-reaching. No less disastrous would be an Allied victory of the same rapid and sweeping character.

DOUBLE THREAT

The English people are confronted with the double threat of foreign invasion and betrayal by their own ruling class. They must defend their independence against both. These two dangers are really one; in France they have merged in the Hitler-Petain "peace." The two hundred wealthy families who controlled the French government and armed forces have demonstrated how spurious is the claim that this is an anti-fascist war. The outlook of these economic overlords is essentially as fascist as that of the German big business groups whose instrument Hitler is. That is why treason flourished while democracy was crushed. That is why the defense of France was sabotaged. Big capital and its retinue of politicians and generals preferred to turn the country over to Hitler rather than to the French people.

There is no reason to suppose that the situation is different in England. British business circles and the British government are honeycombed with people who for years were Hitler's accomplices in crime. Such notorious pro-Nazis as Chamberlain, Halifax, Simon, Lord Lothian, now ambassador to the United States, Montagu Norman, head of the Bank of England, the marquess of Londonderry, continue to hold positions of great influence. That is why the demand is growing in the trade unions and other progressive circles for the creation of a true people's government.

For the United States there are momentous implications in the defeat of France and the acute peril of England. Despite the sharp economic rivalry between the American and British empires in Latin America, Canada, and the Far East, American imperialism has, especially since the world war, based its foreign policy and military program on Anglo-French domination of the European continent and control of the Atlantic by the British Fleet. The British and French entered the war only after receiving promises from the Roosevelt administration that they could count on the enormous economic resources and, if necessary, the military might of the United States to enable them to overcome Germany's initial advantage and win the war. American business interests, the Roosevelt administration, and the Republican Party, gambled on profiting from the war and losing only the blood of Frenchmen and Englishmen. They had hoped that by assuring victory to the British and French they would assure their own dominance over both. For this purpose they have not only supported the fifth-columnists in control of France and England, but have sought to impose on the people of the United States repressive measures similar to those imposed in the Allied countries.

The American war party miscalculated badly. With the collapse of France has collapsed one of the main props of American foreign policy. The administration, however, far from learning from this experience, continues to tie this country to the fortunes of the British empire. Likewise, it is maintaining its hostile attitude toward the Soviet Union while seeking to appease fascist Japan and to browbeat the Latin American republics. This is a policy of compounding disaster. It strengthens fascism abroad and at home. This policy is far more dangerous to the American people at this time than any threat of foreign invasion.

There is also a section of American big business, represented by men like Hoover and Lindbergh, who favor an alternative policy: appeasement of Hitler. Both the Roosevelt and the Hoover policies are opposed to the interests of the people.

All this has a direct bearing on national defense. The subject of national defense has been obscured by so much confusion, ignorance, and outright hokum that it is difficult to discuss soberly and realistically. NEW MASSES does not and never has upheld the pacifist doctrine of opposing armaments per se. On the contrary, we favor all necessary measures for the defense of the liberties and independence of the American people against attack from any source. These measures are not only military, but economic and political as well. In fact, unless the military measures are an integral part of an economic and political program, it is likely that they will be used not for national defense, but for national betrayal, as was recently the case in France.

Billions spent on guns and planes and ships will not alone provide true national defense. For this there is needed a foreign policy and a domestic policy that defend the interests of the American people.

Two weeks ago NEW MASSES discussed at length those social and economic measures that are essential for national defense. This week we present our proposals in regard to foreign policy. To discover what must be done in this sphere it is necessary to see the world in its true relations. The idea that there is a big bad wolf called Germany in a world of Little Red Riding Hoods is a dangerous delusion. The wolf is in every land—big capital everywhere (save in the USSR) preys on the people. Today the German wolf is more ravenous; shall we therefore encourage the British wolf and meanwhile fatten our own—meet Hitler's challenge by Hitlerizing America?

Point one in any realistic foreign policy is to abandon the dangerous game of supporting one wolf against another. Only by being genuinely neutral can we strengthen the power of the people against *all* the wolves of capitalism.

LATIN AMERICA

Point two concerns Latin America. We hear much of the Nazi threat to Latin America. We are told that this threat will increase if Germany conquers Britain. There *is* a Nazi threat to Latin America, and it *is* likely to grow in the event of a complete German victory. But one would think from the way this problem is posed that the American and British empires were eleemosynary institutions engaged in dispensing charity to the 121,000,000 people of Latin America. It was American troops that invaded Mexico in 1915 and took possession of Haiti. In nearly all the rebellions that have broken out in Latin America in the present century the bullet has followed the dollar or the pound. The fact is that the whole of Central and South America has been the battleground of a savage economic war among the great powers, chiefly the United States, Britain, and Germany, and to a lesser extent, Japan and Italy. In this war there has been, with the partial exception of the Good Neighbor interlude from about 1934 to 1939, not the slightest consideration for the welfare of the peoples of the Latin American countries. They have been subjected to coolie standards of living under governments that have been but the satraps of foreign economic and political overlords.

The Latin American trade war among the great powers has been marked in the last few years by aggressive efforts on the part of

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German imperialism to recapture and improve the positions it held before World War I. Its gains have been proportionally greater than those of the United States, while Britain has lost ground. The outbreak of the war, however, almost completely cut off German trade with Latin America and greatly reduced British trade. The United States has advanced at the expense of both—and, incidentally, at the expense of the Latin American masses. For the six months from September 1939 to February 1940, inclusive, United States exports to Latin America were 53.6 percent higher than in the corresponding 1938-39 period, but our imports from Latin America were only 32.5 percent greater.

Should the Nazis knock out Britain, they may oust British interests entirely from Latin America and try to muscle in on the share now held by the United States. This would undoubtedly be accompanied by intensified efforts to displace American political domination of various governments. Obviously, an explosive situation of this kind might lead to war between the United States and Germany. But let us remember that the danger of war comes not merely from the voracious appetite of the economic masters of Germany, but also from the appetite of the economic masters of the United States, who in September 1939 controlled one-third of Latin American trade, more than their two chief rivals combined.

THE PEOPLE PAY TWICE

But, it will be argued, this trade is essential for American economy. That is the identical argument that is given in Germany. The drive for foreign markets, sources of raw material, and spheres of investment may be essential for *capitalist* economy—for the profits of the few—but not for the welfare of the majority of the people. Millions of Americans are denied the necessities of life, not because these necessities cannot be produced in abundance, but because so many Americans lack the means to buy; big business therefore finds it more profitable to sell these commodities in other countries. Millions of people are thus forced by capitalism to render double tribute: they are deprived of the things they need and then must pay for the military establishments to enable the bankers and industrialists to maintain and extend their exploitation of various parts of the world.

How can America meet the situation that may be created by a Nazi victory over Britain? Wall Street and the Roosevelt administration, with Republican support, are meeting it their way. That is the way of grab, backed by a very persuasive argument: troops and battleships. This method is discussed by Frank J. Wallace elsewhere in this issue. Gen. George C. Marshall, chief of staff, in defending President Roosevelt's recent request for authority to mobilize the National Guard, talked darkly of the possibility of "dangerous developments in this hemisphere" which might require the use of troops. Raymond Clapper, an administration supporter, has urged in the Scripps-Howard press a "Strong Neighbor" instead of a Good Neighbor policy and the "protective occupation" of strategic points in Latin America in order to establish a Greater Hemisphere America. Action along these lines is indicated in the recently published *Postscript* to Joseph Alsop's and Robert Kintner's *American White Paper,* a book written with the collaboration of high government officials. The nucleus of a naval expedition in the form of two American cruisers has already been sent to Uruguay for the purpose of impressing on the Uruguayans who their real lord and master is. At the same time the State Department is helping fascist dictators like President Vargas of Brazil, who plays ball with the German and Italian fascists, stamp out every spark of democratic thought and action among the people. Secretary Hull assures the world that this policy, which bears such a striking resemblance to that of Hitler in Europe and Japan in Asia, is something else entirely. But millions of Latin Americans with vivid memories of *imperialismo yanqui* remain unconvinced.

There is an alternative to this attempt to combat one kind of totalitarian aggression with another. That alternative will cut into profits and special privileges, but it will help provide real defense for the people of both the United States and Latin America. It is to encourage democracy in Latin America and to discourage imperialist brigandage. This means to cut loose from such fascist triggermen as Vargas and Trujillo and to give every assistance to the anti-fascist, anti-imperialist forces from the Rio Grande to the Cape. It means that instead of creating such agencies as the Inter-American Bank and the proposed pan-American trade cartel to straitjacket the economic life of the Latin American countries, the United States should help these countries become industrialized and cease being agricultural colonies of imperialism. If this narrows American markets, there is an even greater potential market for the products of our industry: the people of the USA who would gladly buy these "surplus" products if their purchasing power were increased. Only the kind of hemisphere solidarity that is based on the action of free and equal peoples can provide real defense against fascist penetration and attack.

The third and final point in a realistic and progressive foreign policy concerns American relations with Japan and the Soviet Union. The administration's attitude toward the war in the Far East contrasts sharply with its attitude toward the war in Europe. For three years the 400,000,000 people of China have been waging a genuine war of self-defense against ruthless aggression. The Chinese government, unlike the governments of England and France, bears no responsibility for the war and fights for no predatory ends. The victory of China would mean the triumph of democracy in Asia and the defeat of an imperialism which menaces not only China, but the people of the United States as well. Yet contrast the niggardly assistance the Roosevelt administration has given to China with its yeoman efforts in behalf of the Allies. Contrast its virtual embargo on Germany with the fact that American industry is providing the Japanese aggressor with more than 50 percent of the materials required for the war against China—and the future war against the United States. Contrast the administration's anti-fascist gestures in Europe with the growing evidences that it plans to appease fascist Japan.

How can these sharply divergent policies be explained? How else than by the fact that they are determined not by the national interests of the American people, but by the the capitalist interests of those forces of corporate greed which Roosevelt once opposed?

It is for the sake of these capitalist interests, for the sake of the profitable trade with Japan, that the President just the other day specifically excluded scrap iron from a proclamation banning the shipment of war materials to other countries. It is for the sake of this war trade too that the American people are being asked to pay for a two-ocean navy.

Another contrast: the administration's attitude toward the Soviet Union. The USSR is the only great power whose interests do not conflict with those of the United States in any part of the world. She does not participate in the imperialist trade war because the establishment of socialism has made it possible for the home market to absorb practically the whole of her steadily expanding production. She desires nothing but friendly relations with the United States. And since the USSR's foreign policy is firmly anchored in neutrality and avoidance of war, her peace efforts redound to the advantage of the people of all countries, including our own. The hostile, provocative attitude of the Roosevelt administration toward this great friend of the United States can likewise be explained in terms of selfish and shortsighted capitalist interests and prejudices.

EMBARGO JAPAN

These aspects of American foreign policy must also be changed in the interest of true national defense. A complete embargo on Japan and full material and political aid to China is an elementary measure of self-defense. Collaboration with the Soviet Union to prevent and limit war and to work for a democratic peace would go a long way toward guaranteeing the security of the United States and would make possible a sharp reduction in armaments expenditures.

Foreign policy is the cornerstone of national defense. War, as Clausewitz and Lenin learned, is the consequence and culmination of policies pursued prior to the launching of military action. The present reactionary foreign policy of the Roosevelt administration helps create the danger of involving us in reactionary war. Its inevitable concomitant is a domestic policy which lowers living standards and attacks democratic liberties. Those who argue that the Nazi threat makes it necessary to support the administration's

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arms program, conscription plans, and similar measures, are putting the cart before the horse in a dangerous way. In the first place, there is no danger of a military invasion of the United States, a fact admitted even by Col. Frank Knox in his testimony before the Senate Naval Affairs Committee. In the second place, the Roosevelt foreign policy, as already indicated, tends to strengthen the fascist forces throughout the world and thereby weakens our defense. Finally and most important, to support the government's military measures in the hope of democratizing policy is to fortify reaction and foredoom the possibility of any democratization. It is no accident that the so-called defense program of the administration, which is ascending toward the fourteen-billion mark, is being accompanied by reductions in social expenditures and assaults on the gains of the labor movement. Big business is in the saddle, and to support its arms program is to deliver the people hogtied into the hands of their enemies.

We have outlined the broad general principles of a progressive foreign policy; necessarily there are many details that would have to be worked out. These principles, together with the domestic policy proposed in an editorial article in NEW MASSES two weeks ago, constitute the only effective way to defend America. Though every effort should be made to compel the Roosevelt administration to alter its present course, the American people can expect little else from either a Democratic or Republican administration but continued drift toward war and fascism. A people's government alone can protect America against the fifth column whose headquarters are in both Berlin and Wall Street. Capitalism everywhere has degenerated into organized treason; but though our ultimate safety lies in socialism, we can take measures now to harness the energies of the people in a great peace party, a party of genuine democracy with its backbone in the labor movement. It is not easy to build this party; but it is much harder not to build it, not to give it power, as the people of western Europe have learned.

Hitler Holds the Bag

GERMANY has her hands full in the Balkans. Hitler and Ciano are meeting this week in Berlin, and Danubian affairs is problem number one in their discussions. Rumanian politics has momentarily crystallized in a pro-Nazi regime headed by Ion Gigurtu. Rumania has renounced the British guarantee of last April—remember those pathetic guarantees which were going to substitute for the peace alliance with the USSR? American and British officials of the oil companies have been ousted; every adjustment is being made to Germany's economic needs; anti-Semitism rages again in the incomparable Streicher style. But Germany has her hands full because Hungary wants to tear Rumania apart and take back Transylvania at precisely the most uncertain moment in Danubian affairs. And Bulgaria's rulers wait their moment for a slice of the Rumanian pie.

Quite clearly, no imperialist power relishes what the USSR has done. But it is also clear that the peoples of the Danube look to the USSR as never before. Thousands of Jews made desperate, pitiful efforts to reach Bessarabia; six hundred longshoremen at Galatz were reported murdered because they desired to rejoin their families on the other side of the Prut River. We can only surmise how the Hungarians, the Bulgarian peasants, the Czechs and Slovaks feel.

Liberation East of the Prut

MEANWHILE in Bessarabia and Bukovina the processes of socialist reconstruction are reviving one of Europe's most depressed areas. Village soviets are being formed, the land is being divided, the peasants' debts to the moneylenders have been canceled. In the Baltic states, also, the simple, fundamental democratic measures (not yet full socialist measures) are being taken: the legalization of the Communist Parties, long persecuted; the revision of the electoral laws. The working people are coming into their own—both an epilogue to the October Revolution itself and a forerunner of that which must come in all Europe before a permanent peace, a socialist peace, is possible.

The Soviet initiative has delivered a solar-plexus blow to the venomous Social Democrats, to the fainthearted liberals, all those who are so dependent themselves on the policies of imperialism that they cannot stomach independence in Soviet policy. Those who were loudest in their slander that Stalin was merely a gauleiter for Hitler now have the miserable phrase "communazi" sticking in their throats. And some of them are now most voluble in their speculation that Stalin will step in to relieve them of the dilemma which Hitler has placed before the rest of the imperialist world.

Our own feeling is that while the USSR has definitely moved into an area which Germany had staked out for herself, it is both presumptuous and futile to speculate upon an imminent physical clash. In the same sense, it is simply barroom diplomacy to project Soviet demands upon Turkey for the Dardenelles or upon Hungary for the Carpatho-Ukraine. The major considerations, which deserve constant reemphasis, are these: first, that the USSR conducts the only policy wholly independent of world imperialism, seeking always to construct and defend, while other nations enslave and destroy. Second, that Germany is confronted with a heritage in Europe that she will not be able to stabilize, an inability that will create new opportunities for the liberation of the peoples she has conquered.

Entente Finale

BRITAIN'S assault upon the French Navy at Alexandria and Oran is both a postscript to the Franco-German armistice and a prelude to the next stage of the war. Unquestionably the addition of the French Fleet to German and Italian naval forces would have presented a real threat to the British naval arm, especially since, as a beleaguered island, Britain is dependent upon naval convoys for her foodstuffs and a large part of her arms. The *entente cordiale* is dead: British guns have sunk French ships by way of requiem. The fact is that British power on the Continent has always depended on French arms and British ability to keep Germany under control. Without this alliance, both military and diplomatic, Britain is an island fighting to maintain connections with a far-flung empire, an empire which was built before the days of the airplane and tank. When Germany moved out of control after Munich and when French military prowess was nullified from within by those treacherous forces which Britain herself coddled, England's power went into eclipse.

Invasion or Peace?

EVERY sign points to the imminence of the battle for Britain proper. Continual bombardments, reminiscent of the preliminary bombardments of Paris, took place last week, to which the Royal Air Force claims to have answered in kind. Invasion of Britain will be horrible—exceeding the horror of Flanders and France. Swedish papers say that the Nazis have prepared huge transports, carrying small tanks, for the job. But, as in the case of France, the defense of Britain is much more than a military matter—it depends on morale, on *policy*. The counterparts of Pierre Laval and Maxime Weygand retain key positions in Britain. Chamberlain is still the head of the tory party; Halifax remains the foreign secretary. Labor men may have the job of mobilizing industry, harnessing the working class, nullifying civil rights, but the tory bureaucracy still holds the basic administrative power. Mr. Chamberlain's disavowal of any intentions of making peace with Germany sounds very unconvincing—77 percent of those who answered a British poll of public opinion want him removed. The very fact that his speech was made at all implies how widespread potential treachery must be in Britain. One story has it that the first German efforts for peace have failed, that others are now being made. British leaders of the Churchill type are making the same approach to the United States as Paul Reynaud made in the last days of his power. The next few weeks will tell.

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Lloyd George's Advice

WHILE the National Railwaymen's Union last week called for ousting the architects of appeasement, Lloyd George, a man close to eighty, put his finger on why France fell. The prime minister of the last war is not the most consistent of men; in his writings after Hitler came to power will be found many expressions of sympathy and admiration for fascism. But his insistence upon the pact with the USSR has been proven valid by events; in the *Sunday Pictorial* a week before last he castigated that former French government which "emulated the example of despots by forbidding all liberty and expression of criticism in the press [that] stamped out by violent means a powerful political party [the Communist] which was held in especial abhorrence by the plutocracy." Here is advice from no friend of the Communists—a contribution to the discussion of why France was defeated which might well be studied in the United States. In every capitalist country the real fifth column, the betrayers of the national integrity, the termites of popular morale are the men with the inside lines to big business, the anti-Semites, those who conspire against the labor movement, those who make a system of baiting, defaming, and persecuting the Communists.

Far Eastern Dilemma

WITH reference to Far Eastern policy, the proponents of appeasing Japan have come to the surface in a way such as the appeasers of Germany have not yet dared. Rear Admiral Yates Stirling followed Walter Lippmann's lead last week by proposing a truce with Japan, acknowledging the position of Japan both on the Chinese mainland and in the South Pacific. Strangely enough, Mr. Roosevelt, through a statement by Stephen Early last Sunday, said that the United States has no territorial ambitions in Europe and Asia, and "would like to see and thinks there should be applied a 'Monroe Doctrine' for each of those continents." Such a statement would seem to fit the Japanese foreign minister Arita's declaration of two weeks ago just fine; it would contradict Mr. Hull's reply to Germany last week in which Hull denied that the Monroe Doctrine could in any way be compared with the hegemony of other powers on other continents.

Actually, the State Department has been appeasing Japan all along. And Japan is clearly making hay while the Rising Sun shines. The Chinese lifeline through Indo-China has been severed, and the entire southeast area, despite evidence of Chinese resistance, is virtually in Japan's control. Tokyo is making a bid for the Burma road, the second of China's supply routes. Admiral Nomura is visiting the Davao colony in the Philippines, a deliberate tread on American toes—part of the pressure that the United States relinquish all pretense to position in the South Pacific.

It will not do merely to protest Japanese actions, as for example the horrible bombardment of China's capital, Chungking, which has continued for nearly a full month. It will not do to appease Japan, for therein lie the seeds of future wars. Nor is war itself necessary—*policy* is the answer to the problem. The United States must place a full embargo on all metals to Japan, including scrap iron, on all machine tools, gasoline, and cotton. The United States must answer Gen. Chiang Kai-shek's appeal for large scale assistance. The United States must, as the Foreign Policy Association advises in its latest bulletin, seek out a mutual assistance pact with the USSR. These are the lessons of five years of humiliation and catastrophe in Europe. How long shall Americans wait to learn them?

"Legal" Persecution

THE President does not want "loyal aliens" harassed. He says, in fact, that he wants especially to protect them. And how does he do this? By signing the Smith bill which makes compulsory the registration and fingerprinting of *all* non-citizens—3,500,000 of them—under pain of heavy penalties, including deportation. This measure, says Mr. Roosevelt, will "control" those aliens who are "bent on harm" and at the same time "protect" those who are "loyal to this country and its institutions." The President found it more convenient not to offer exact definitions of "loyal" and "disloyal"—just as it was easier to talk about good intentions rather than give the specific restrictions embodied in the Smith bill. These include, besides a Gestapo network of espionage over the foreign born, a criminal-syndicalism provision that would make prison a potential home for anyone who dared criticize the administration too sharply. FDR did not so much as mention this provision. Neither did Attorney General Jackson, who also made a little talk (before the New York Bar Association) about "control" and "protection" of aliens, and how to handle "fifth column activities." Mr. Jackson, however, was a little franker than his White House chief. He listed "organized propaganda" as a fifth-column activity and assured his audience that the Department of Justice was keeping a stern eye on individuals and groups classed as "Nazi, fascist, or Communist." Again, no exact definitions. The first paragraphs of his speech counseled against hysteria or vigilante activities. "Leave it to the government," Mr. Jackson said in effect.

And "Legal" Blacklist

REP. Jerry Voorhis of California is also for persecution through "legal," governmental channels. To this end he has got through the House a bill requiring organizations which are "subject to foreign control" or which aim to "overthrow the government" to register and file membership lists with the attorney general. It is no secret that these phrases are intended to cover the Communist Party, little as they actually apply to that party, which is a legal group working through constitutional methods. Mr. Voorhis is that well known "liberal" member of the Dies committee who feels more comfortable in the cloak of the law when engaged in Martin's work against civil liberties. A blacklist by a legal name smells sweeter to him. Mr. Voorhis is simply proposing that all Communists, and many non-Communist progressives, be subjected to the terrorism being visited upon citizens in many states who signed petitions to put the Communist Party on the ballot. In western Pennsylvania a grand jury has already indicted forty-three workers on fantastic charges of "perjury and obtaining signatures under false pretenses" in connection with the petitions. The persecution here is crude and simple: first the names of all petition signers are published as a blacklist; a number of signers are intimidated into swearing that they were inveigled into signing "under false pretenses"; then come the charges and indictments. If Attorney General Jackson will turn his attention for a moment from the persecution of aliens, he will find plenty of work waiting for his department's Civil Liberties Unit.

Labor on the Alert

A SIGNAL victory for progressive trade unionism was won in New York when Louis Weinstock, rank-and-file candidate for secretary of Painters' District Council No. 9, AFL, defeated Philip Zausner. With the exception of the *Daily Worker* and the *Morning Freiheit*, every newspaper in New York supported Zausner, who accused Weinstock of "fifth column" activities and indulged in typical Red-baiting. Weinstock replied by pointing to Zausner's record of collusion with employers, violations of contracts, and "kickbacks." The workers sustained Weinstock, who had previously led in the fight against racketeering.

Anti-Communism and "patriotism" are among the phrases used in the recent reactionary drive against progressive unionists. Workers, however, refuse to be fooled. Craft unionists in the theatrical industry recently met to plan unified action against war danger to their organizations. Automobile workers showed gratifying solidarity in the recent General Motors election and the subsequent controversy over a contract.

United, too, are the fur workers, whose leaders are again on trial in the government's persistent campaign to railroad them. Ben Gold and his progressive associates in the CIO Furriers' Joint Council cleaned out racketeers and ended violence in the industry. Theirs is an exemplary union. Last spring they were convicted in an anti-trust prosecution; the conviction, if sustained in a higher court, would make strikes in industries engaged in interstate commerce a crime. Climax to that trial was a government witness' confession that the US attorney's office had applied pressure to make him perjure himself. Notorious stoolpigeons and ex-convicts assisted the government; they are also testifying in

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the new case, in which Gold and other unionists are accused of "conspiracy to obstruct justice," a charge they leveled against government witnesses.

The Absent Defendant

WHEN two men were killed and five injured by the explosion of a bomb on the World's Fair grounds July 4, a shudder of horror swept through the nation. This outrage followed by just two weeks the June 20 explosions at the doorstep of the *Daily Worker*. Little police activity followed the first bombings; slight evidence, it is said, has been found to point to the perpetrators of the Fourth of July murders.

Between June 20 and July 4 nine defendants in the Brooklyn Christian Front trial were acquitted, five held for a belated September retrial. The Christian Front members were arrested in spectacular raids last February. Evidence introduced revealed systematic robbery of armory ammunition stores; confessions are on record of the manufacture of bombs and lessons in their use; rifle clubs drilled to "combat Communism."

Father Coughlin, who once threatened America with "the Franco way," boasted gleefully in *Social Justice* (June 24) that "the jury's verdict not only vindicated the fourteen young men accused of crimes against their government, but it also cleared the Christian Front and vindicated the 'Absent Defendant' —Father Coughlin." The same issue of *Social Justice* bitterly assailed the Jews for "inciting" charges against the defendants, devoted a full page of praise to Henry Ford, reprinted an insidious anti-Semitic article from a Jesuit periodical, applauded US Atty. Harold M. Kennedy for his summation in the trial that "the Christian Front is founded on good, sound American principles."

Some inkling of what went on behind the scenes is hinted in the charges by Rev. L. M. Birkhead, national director of the Friends of Democracy, who has notified Attorney General Jackson that Mrs. Helen Titus, foreman of the jury, is a cousin of Rev. Edward Brophy, Christian Front "theoretician." And Macklin Boettger, defendant, is said to have boasted to a Brooklyn *Eagle* reporter that "ten members of the jury are going to apply for membership in the Christian Front."

The Department of Justice and the New York City police department are to be commended for the zealous manner in which they are investigating the World's Fair bombing. This is in sharp contrast to their inactivity concerning the *Daily Worker* bombing and the total disregard of charges brought against Father Coughlin by NEW MASSES, based on John L. Spivak's revelations of the fascist leader's financial machinations.

Knitting a Straitjacket

THE young men of America had better begin doing some large scale letter-writing to their congressmen. By young men we mean quite a number of grandfathers as well. For if you're under sixty-five and over eighteen you're eligible for the high honor of being conscripted in the military service of big business at a salary of $5 a month. Hearings already started on the Burke-Wadsworth conscription bill show that the brass hats and the Roosevelt administration are in a hurry. This measure, sponsored in the Senate by a man who less than two years ago was a fervent admirer of Hitler, and in the House by a member of the National Executive Committee of the Liberty League, is one of the milestones on the road to a totalitarian America.

At the hearings before the Senate Military Affairs Committee, Senator Downey of California raised quite a fuss when he suggested that men conscripted into the mechanized services be paid wages equal to those in private industry. This was treated as little short of treason. The $5 monthly wage was valiantly defended by Col. Julius Ochs Adler, general manager of the New York *Times,* whose own monthly salary is something else entirely. Senator Minton of Indiana, patriotic indignation streaming from every pore, charged that opposition to compulsory military training "is part of the program of Mr. Hitler in his subtle way to weaken us at a vital point." The treatment accorded Senator Downey—who objected not to conscription but to the proposed coolie wage—is a symptom of the vigilante spirit that is increasingly fashionable in high places.

That the fight against conscription is by no means a lost cause is evident from the retreat the Roosevelt administration has been forced to make in regard to another of its pet ideas for regimenting the people: compulsory universal service for young men and women. A voluntary industrial training proposal has now been substituted. It will be under the direction of Sidney Hillman; his chief assistant will be that promising young man, Owen D. Young, whose own industrial training has been supervised by J. P. Morgan & Co. The reason for the government's backtracking was indicated by the New York *Times:* "Public reaction to the compulsory program, which in some cases referred to it as a 'Hitler Youth' project, is said to have turned the administration away from such an approach to the training problem."

Sky No Limit

FIGURES for so-called national defense are rapidly approaching the point of astronomical fantasy. This is one fifth column ascent that carries no parachute. As we go to press, President Roosevelt is reported to be planning to ask for an additional $5,000,000,000 for the army. His previous requests for the army and navy totaled about $5,300,000,000. Besides this, the Navy Department is seeking another $4,000,000,000 for a two-ocean navy. Which all adds up to $14,300,000,000 for armaments, a sum which is preposterous unless the administration's concept of defense includes sending our armed forces to Europe or Asia or both. But that is a long, long way from Omaha or St. Louis or Kansas City, which the President recently pictured as in imminent danger of bombing.

These huge armaments were endorsed by the two new emissaries of big business whom Roosevelt has taken into his Cabinet, Col. Henry Stimson and Col. Frank Knox, in their testimony before the Senate Military Affairs Committee and Naval Affairs Committee. Colonel Knox is the gentleman who in 1936, as Republican candidate for Vice President, warned that the Roosevelt administration's expenditures for relief and other social services were bankrupting the country. Those expenditures were of course a drop in the bucket compared to what the administration is now preparing to hand out to the munitions makers. It's the billions for guns instead of butter and the other Roosevelt short-of-peace measures that have won the heart of this swashbuckling tory.

Who will pay for it all? Not the friends of Colonel Stimson or Colonel Knox. Nor, let us add, the friends of Mr. Roosevelt. The billion-dollar defense tax bill recently passed by Congress is largely a tax on the low-income groups (including many on WPA) and on consumers. Now the President has suddenly decided to ask for a tax on excess profits. When the original bill was under consideration, administration leaders helped kill the mild La Follette proposal for an excess profits levy. The President's present request is obviously an afterthought—an afterthought to the nomination of Wendell Willkie by the Republicans. This move is designed to make it appear that the administration is taxing the rich as well as the poor. Undoubtedly the White House is counting on reality to nullify appearance. Thus the *Wall Street Journal* of July 8 reports: "The special profit limitations now imposed on companies building military aircraft and naval vessels may be repealed when the new excess profits tax is enacted."

Roundup

GENE TUNNEY'S transparent attempts to chisel into the youth movement were knocked out clean by the American Youth Congress at its sixth annual convention last week. The convention criticized FDR's breakneck dash into war, called for more and better democracy, defended civil rights and social legislation, and wound up in a blaze of unity. . . . Gauleiter Col. B. H. Somervell ordered WPA murals torn off the walls of Floyd Bennett Field administration building because some superpatriots imagined they saw propaganda in the paintings. Remember the remark of a leading Nazi poet: "When I hear the word culture I reach for my gun!" . . . Thinking and acting in defense of democracy was made a crime punishable by expulsion from the University of Michigan by President Ruthven who cast seven students out for talking about "freedom of the press" and "freedom of speech." . . . And 240 writers, clergymen, and educators have issued a "Declaration against Conscription," as an act which "smacks of totalitarianism."

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The Great Genetics Debate

Harold Ward discusses the views of Vavilov and Lysenko, two of the Soviet Union's leading biologists. Heredity versus environment? Plant breeding and society.

SINCE Ruth McKenney—with, no doubt, a merry twinkle in her eye—has nominated me for the job of reporting on the Great Vavilov-Lysenko Genetics Debate I may as well begin by saying, also merrily, that I am a layman, too. More than that: nowhere in the sundry curriculums of my variegated education can even the most powerful FBI microscopes discover the remotest trace of a Biology I, let alone Chemistry II, Geology III, or Astrophysics IV. As for Genetics: well, if Ruth McKenney and/or her editorial accomplices on NEW MASSES were to put me in a room swarming with Morgan's fruit flies in all their chromosomal glory, I would promptly start clamoring for several yards of mosquito netting and make for the fire escape.

Which is simply a modest way of saying to whatever licensed expert reads these words: Stop groaning, or chuckling, in splendid isolation and come forward—MA, BSc, PhD, and all—with your opinions of a problem that is vital enough to engage the active interest of some 180,000,000 people for whom science really is a means for better living.

Last October there was held in Moscow a scientific congress whose chief purpose was to clarify the growing differences of opinion between two ways of interpreting the facts of growth and development in living organisms. This congress, held under the auspices of the journal *Under the Banner of Marxism,* was attended by fifty-three specialists representing a wide range of tendencies in biological thought. There was complete freedom of expression: that this freedom was fully utilized—even to the point of sharply critical remarks from rank-and-file dissenters in the audience—will be clear to anyone who studies the verbatim transcript appearing in the current issue of *Science and Society.*

That part of the discussions which had to do with genetics quickly focused on the views held by two outstanding Soviet biologists. N. I. Vavilov, internationally known for his extensive researches in plant varieties, defended the position of "classical" genetics; and the thirty-nine-year-old T. D. Lysenko, an experimenter of genius, convinced disciple of Michurin, who advocated the "theory of stages" in the growth of organisms. Stripped of the formidable technicalities with which these contrasting attitudes are presented, the debate between these two seems to me to come down to this: Are the structural characteristics of an organism—things like size, color, internal conditions of growth and function; everything, in fact, that makes one breed of horse, wheat, or potatoes different from another—are these completely determined by the units of heredity, the genes? Or can these characteristics be appreciably modified in a given direction by a proper manipulation of the immature organism and of its "typical" environment?

To these questions Vavilov, leaning heavily on the formal genetics of Gregor Mendel, replies rather evasively and with what Academician Mitin describes in his able summing up as "a certain uncritical acceptance of many world authorities in the field of genetics." Taking the gene, especially in its sex-linked forms, as the decisive factor in organic development, Vavilov says, in effect: You cannot definitely improve any species of plant or animal by relying solely, or even chiefly, on the influences of the external environment. To obtain a better wheat, a tastier tomato, or a more productive cow, you must cross different species according to Mendelian principles and trust to gene linkage for the desired result. And he claims, with justice, that most of such new and now flourishing varieties were originally obtained in this way: by sex hybridization, or the deliberate mixing of contrasting types. A little thought will show that this mechanical adherence to the refinements of the Morgan theory of the gene sharply limits the possibilities of biological development. First, by endowing these minute and still far from understood units of heredity with a certain metaphysical finality ("like father, like son"); and second, by underestimating, or at least seriously misconceiving, the importance of the external environment in the complex processes of organic growth.

Lysenko, who began life as the son of a peasant and who is today the president of the Lenin All-Union Agricultural Academy, sharply criticizes the "formal" genetics of Vavilov, maintaining that it is not only anti-Darwinian but also undialectical and therefore unscientific. Fifteen years ago Lysenko, then an obscure "junior specialist" at the Kirov Selection Station, conducted a number of critical experiments having to do with the characteristics of various agricultural crops. When they were finished he had discovered two things. First, "that not all the principles in old textbooks were immutable truths"; and second, "that the early ripening or the late ripening of a species could not be determined *without considering the conditions of the soil.*"

Note my emphasis on the last words. They read harmlessly enough and yet, thanks to a succession of brilliant experiments reinforced by hard study and the full cooperation of the Soviet government, they bid fair to revolutionize the science of genetics. By his carefully evolved technique of "vernalization" Lysenko has shown that it is possible to grow so-called "winter wheats" in the spring, to play tricks with vegetables undreamed of in the Mendelian philosophy, and to develop a large number of new plant varieties by what is called "vegetative"—as opposed to Vavilov's "sexual"—hybridization. In other words, Lysenko refused to be intimidated by any theory, however plausible and seemingly well established, that once got in the way of proven facts and actual practice. Mendel's "laws" and Morgan's "genes," important as they may be for a correct understanding of certain problems of growth, are neither final nor absolute. It had become necessary to cut through layers of barren metaphysical controversy on Heredity versus Environment, Selection or Mutation, Innate and Acquired Characteristics, and the rest of it. Only then would it be possible to resolve the growing dualism and contradictions of genetics. By insisting that the living plant or animal be regarded as a stable yet *modifiable* compound of both internal hereditary factors and external influences, Lysenko has provided a powerful theoretical basis for the intelligent improvement of both.

The technical aspects of this very fruitful debate would require for their proper elucidation a specialist with a real gift for translating jargon into English. J. B. S. Haldane, in his recent book, *Science and Everyday Life,* has described some of Lysenko's more striking achievements in the field of plant breeding, but unfortunately he was not then able to judge the merits of the dispute between him and Vavilov. For this we have to fall back on the summaries given by I. M. Polyakov in *Science and Society* and by M. Mitin in the April 1940 issue of the *American Quarterly on the Soviet Union.*

An important question raised by this debate is whether Lysenko's emphasis upon the environment as a controlling factor in evolution has anything in common with the discredited Lamarckian belief in the inheritance of acquired characters. The charge has been made by dogmatic Mendelians that (in the words of Mitin), "all those who in the slightest degree acknowledge the action of the surrounding life conditions of the organism on its hereditary elements" are guilty of Lamarckian errors, and consequently anti-Darwin. But, in the first place, Darwin himself frankly recognized the decisive influence of climate, food, exercise, and other environmental factors in the life patterns of species. Lamarck, who preceded Darwin and who worked on the basis of very inadequate knowledge, adopted a mechanical view of this relationship, according to which it would be possible to assume that

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because African Negroes had been physically corrupted and weakened by imperialist exploitation, therefore they were biologically unfit to rule themselves. Conversely, the "acquired" wealth, power, and position of the dominant class belonged to the heirs by right of a triple inheritance: political, economic—and biological.

Such absurdities cannot be laid to the door of Lysenko and his adherents—even by those who like to remind us that Engels, in his *Dialectics of Nature,* inclined a little to Lamarckianism. Undoubtedly Lysenko, in the heat of battle with the "formal" geneticists, has been at times extreme in his criticism of the Mendelian contribution—and for this he has been firmly chided by his peers. But the fact remains that Lysenko has demonstrated, in thousands of practical experiments all over the Soviet Union, that new and valuable types of grains and vegetables can be developed from the seeds of older types by special methods of treatment in advance of sowing. As a result of such treatment, which is entirely environmental, new qualities appear in the mature product: qualities of definite economic value and biological significance. Naturally Lysenko, who is as much interested in theory as in practice (thus differing from such empiricists as Luther Burbank), would draw from these facts the conclusion that Mendelian inheritance is only a part of the story. "I believe," he writes, "that it is possible to unite into one breed characters and properties of two breeds in a vegetative way, *as well as by sexual hybridization.*" (My emphasis—H. W.). This statement goes to the heart of the matter. In simple English, it means: first, that under proper environmental conditions, maintained over a sufficient period of time, one can develop a strong, healthy, and fertile species *from the material at hand;* and second, that there is, as always, the chance of developing unusual types ("mutations" or "sports") through the mechanism of sexual union.

So we see what the whole debate comes down to. Are we, asks Lysenko, to rule out of our biological work the vast resources of the environment just because one school of thought, at present very influential, has adopted a metaphysical, indeed almost fatalist, view toward the supremacy of that "biological atom," the gene? Or shall we, without prejudice to whatever the gene can do for us, make the most of what we already have, striving to unite organism and environment into a single fulcrum by which to raise the level of our biological possibilities?

Or that, at least, is the way I interpret the significance of the clash—at once friendly, strenuous, and wholesome—between two great Soviet scientists, each of whom is striving, with all honesty and loyalty to their common aim, to get at the truth and make this truth an instrument of further progress. I hope that Ruth McKenney will now feel that, even if she doesn't like Lysenko's vast tomatoes, they are fine symbols of all the things she—and the rest of us—want from our world.

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Publicity and Diplomacy

PUBLICITY AND DIPLOMACY *with special reference to England and Germany 1890-1914, by Oren James Hale. Appleton-Century. $4.*

OREN JAMES HALE, associate professor of history in the University of Virginia, searched diligently in the files of German and English newspapers over a period of years. He talked to influential persons and acquired thousands of interesting facts about journalism and diplomacy. His first two chapters are valuable pictures of the British and German press. The mere fact that he limited his study to two countries and a given decade does not in itself limit the scope of his work as much as one might think. In the first place, England and Germany were typical world powers. Second, the years 1890-1914 marked the maturation of publicity in foreign affairs. It was in the 1890's that the first *literate* electorate began to vote in both countries. Therewith newspapers, speeches in parliaments and out, inspired stories and leaks, blue books and white papers, and all the rest of the paraphernalia of publicity for the first time acquired major importance as means of manipulating the masses. In short, the role of publicity in England and Germany from 1890 to 1914 is the role of publicity in all modern imperialist diplomacy.

Professor Hale understands this. He recognizes that the conduct of foreign affairs in each leading industrial country is the monopoly of a numerically small group—an elite—who use publicity to drive the masses along the trail they have selected or, sometimes, to whip up discontent among the masses in rival countries by way of putting pressure on the rival "elite." What he never sees, or at least never acknowledges, is that the foreign policy of a great power is, on the whole, the reflection of material interests of its ruling class. The twistings of foreign policy, manifest in the publicity accompanying it, are chiefly the detours taken to avoid revealing to the masses the true, class nature of the interest pursued by that policy. For Professor Hale the great diplomatic crises he deals with are not the necessary conflicts between British and German imperialism but mere misunderstandings that could have been avoided by more skillful diplomacy or less reckless publicity. Both England and Germany entered the great war, he implies, because they were, at least in part, victims of their own propaganda and intrigues.

Professor Hale has to deny the very clear implications, to be found throughout his book, that the British and German foreign policies were both equally the products of the determination of the ruling class in each case to dominate the world to the exclusion of all rivals. He is left without a conclusion or a thesis. As a result the book is reduced to the narrow bounds of its title; it is just a little cubicle product, a detailed study of the British and German press in an important fourteen-year period, with special reference to publicity pertaining to foreign affairs.

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Bette Davis in an Old Chromo

Alvah Bessie's favorite screen star wanders into M. le Duc's Crime Passionel (circa 1840) and seems to be gently saying "Nuts!" Hollywood's Peace Crusade.

You must understand that I am hopelessly sold on Miss Bette Davis. Her current vehicle is from Rachel Field's *All This and Heaven Too*. Stodgily directed by Anatole Litvak, the film is a treacly melodrama in the grand, romantic French tradition, unredeemed by writing above the level of the fifth grade or by any creditable performances aside from those of Miss Davis and her ill-starred lover, Charles Boyer. These two carry what there is of the picture and supply a few interesting things themselves.

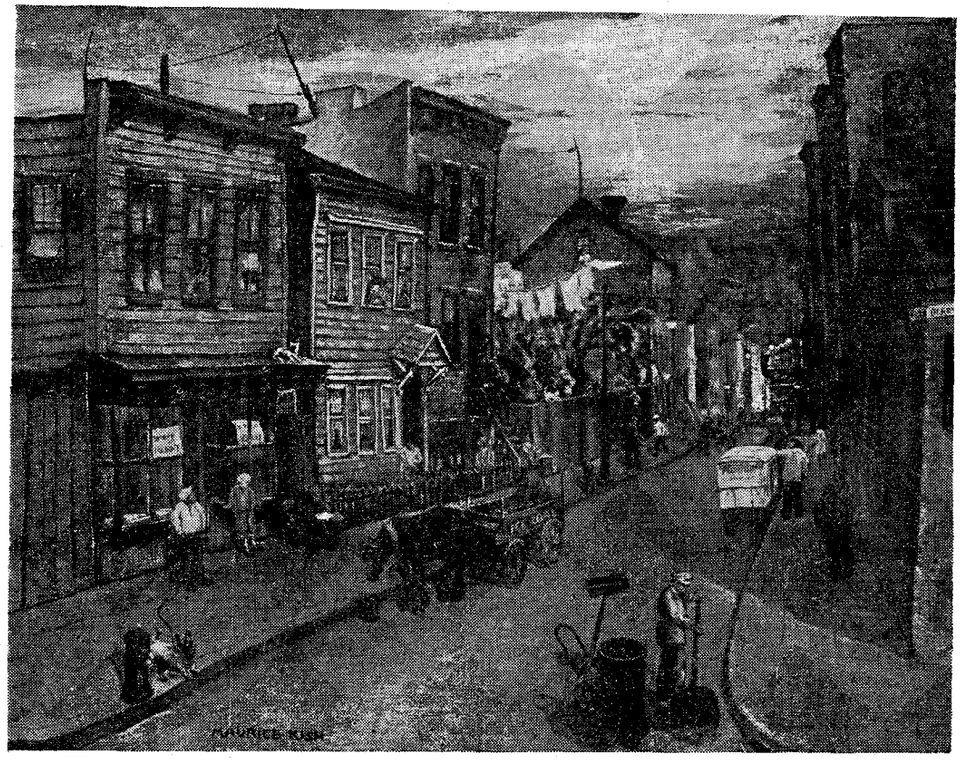
The tale is told of the unhappy governess, Mlle. Henriette Deluzy-Desportes, and the man she loved, the duc de Praslin. Since all this is supposed to have happened in Paris of the 1840's, the duc in whose star-crossed household Miss Davis takes service behaves like a gentleman and Miss Davis, though a mere servant, like a lady. Everything is most correct, most formal, most dull. They love each other from afar; they say, "Good evening, Monsieur le Duc," and, "Good morning, Mademoiselle," and nothing happens to justify the suspicions of the insanely jealous duchesse. This, however, does not prevent M. Boyer from killing her in the best traditions of the Grand Guignol, or Miss Davis from being implicated in the *crime passionel,* or M. le Duc de Praslin from poisoning himself to shield her fair name.

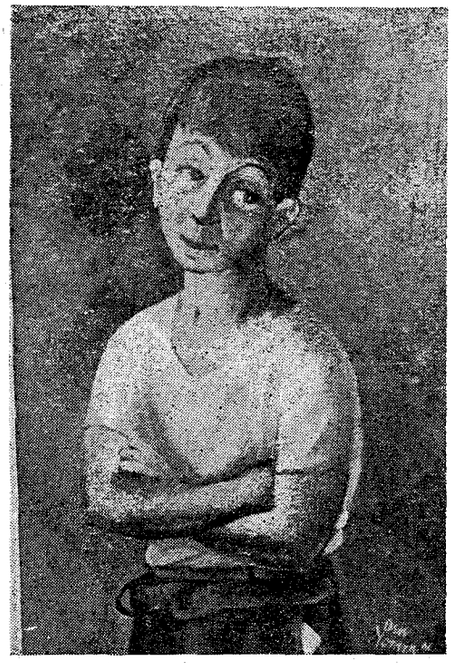
Now this Davis girl can do something with anything; she is an actress, and she almost succeeded in creating a character out of the wretched Mlle. Deluzy-Desportes. There is authority in everything she does, if it is nothing more than looking out of a window at a snowstorm. Her assurance, the mobility of her face, and the shading of her voice make a mock of the vehicles in which she must ride, and I for one would not take it amiss if she were to say "Nuts" to the whole business and take the veil. But I would crawl fourteen miles on my hands and knees over broken bottles to watch her act.

These whole sad proceedings were somewhat enlivened by the presence in the first mezzanine of one Wendell Willkie, who had come to watch his own film debut in *Information Please!* He received much applause from the $1 seats when the flashbulbs popped and answered three questions on the screen very handily. Sweet are the uses of publicity.

THE MORTAL STORM

For years we kept asking Hollywood to do some ripsnorting anti-Nazi films like *Professor Mamlock,* and now comes the deluge. Of course it is not entirely accidental that these films, *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* (revival), *Four Sons,* and now *The Mortal*





THREE PAINTINGS *(top, "Monday Morning," by Maurice Kish, left, "Boy from Red Hook" by Ben Yomen, right, "Family of Three" by Simon J. Lewen) from the fifth annual competitive exhibition sponsored by the American Artists Congress. The winning artist will be given a one-man show. The jury: William Gropper, Philip Evergood, Joe Jones, Mervin Jules, Herman Baron. The show, at the ACA Gallery (NY), will close July 13.*

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Storm reach the screen at this time. Hollywood has lost its foreign market, and certain forces in this broad land of ours would like to see the American people's genuinely anti-fascist spirit used for their own purposes. These are the days when the fine phrase "the fifth column" has been perverted to the uses of the real fifth-columnists and when our virulent hatred of everything that Hitler represents is being utilized to drive us into war to protect a nascent home-grown brand of Hitlerism. So you will have to watch your step these days when Hollywood makes faces at Adolf Schiklgruber.

The most that can be said for *The Mortal Storm,* which was adapted from a novel by Phyllis Bottome, is that it is not patently pro-Allied propaganda. (Its release at the present time takes care of that little item, however.) You are asked to hate the German people for all you're worth; there are the usual bestial stormtroopers with sweaty faces (glycerine) who leer at pretty girls and make them shriek; but to be entirely fair there *are* a few human beings in the film (in the ranks of the same SS), who you are given to believe might be decent guys if they only had the guts; but they're afraid.

BY CONTRAST

Comparing this picture with such a masterpiece as *Professor Mamlock* would be sacrilege of a high order. Like *Confessions of a Nazi Spy,* which was a gripping documentary of how the Nazi propaganda machine works in the United States, but which tried to convince its audience that all Nazis are crazy and that mass insanity accounted for the rise of Adolf Hitler, *The Mortal Storm* scrupulously omits any slightest indication of the nature or development of German fascism. A prophetic voice opens the film with a statement to the effect that early man was afraid of the elements and sacrificed his fellows to appease the wrath of the gods of the lightning. Now too, says the voice, men insist that they must kill their fellow men, and how long, oh Lord, must this go on? To describe such thinking as inept would be to make an understatement.

Professor Roth, beloved teacher, is sixty years old. He is also "non-Aryan." Hitler is installed in the Chancellery and the professor's adopted sons, both Nazis, march off to a district meeting. His daughter's fiance likewise. Her unrequited suitor, James Stewart, however, is a pacifist and cannot agree with the Nazi ideology. Roth dies in a concentration camp because he has propounded physiological theories repulsive to the regime; his daughter Freya and her fiance, who is now a bigshot in the SS, break up, and Stewart tries to guide her over the mountain passes into Austria and freedom. She is shot by a border patrol commanded by her ex-fiance. Stewart carries her dead body into Austria and the disembodied voice speaks again. And what do you suppose it says (I quote from memory): "A man said to me at the gate, 'Give me a lamp to light my way.' And I said to the

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man, 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God, and you will need no light.'" The entire conception of this picture involves a strict avoidance of the issues involved. ALVAH BESSIE.

Boxoffice Revolt

The people reject war films and escape. Hollywood Peace Crusade.

Hollywood.

THE people have told the moviemakers, "Put your warpaint back in the makeup box." And the producers, with sound pocketbook intelligence, are listening to the people. The trade papers, *Daily Variety* and *Hollywood Reporter,* are filled with bad news about the boxoffice. It seems that a war picture by any other name smells just as bad. I quote Billy Wilkerson, the erudite editor of *Hollywood Reporter,* filmland's Jupiter who fairly breathes developing fluid as he advises the gents with the checkbook:

> Looking over reports coming to this desk from various parts of the country, we find the three big exhibitor circuits in the Southwest conferring on the probability of eliminating all war clips from the newsreels and ducking war subjects in their entirety. We hear from Kansas City that all manner and forms of exploitation and flesh shows on the stage will not pull down the red flag that unfurls over any boxoffice running war subjects. In Philadelphia there is a move on to switch the war newsreels and subjects pertaining to this or any other conflict into one house to take care of any audience desiring that type of entertainment and free the screens of other theaters for pictures audiences will buy.

Mr. Wilkerson's involved rhetoric doesn't go as far as the reports from *Variety* telling of the same situation in Southern California: "The theaters have been asked in many instances to eliminate any scenes whatever relating to the European battles from the newsreels and to present only *domestic subjects of news interest.*" (Italics mine—C. G.)

The theaters are vitally interested in what's going on in America. This doesn't mean the exhibitors and the audiences want "escape." It's the trade papers that take it upon themselves to tell producers to shelve all serious subjects. Escape is the other side of the propaganda coin; that is why Will Hays' office is allowing leg art to become leggier and chestier. But the slim fingers of Mr. Hays will even snap the switch blacking out the bedroom scenes if that's necessary. If the moguls shelve all war films (which they haven't done), there will be more escape. But the money men should be advised that the fight against war is the fight for truth and bread, not for sex and circuses. Their war pictures, however, can be put down as the blight that failed.

Out at Edward G. Robinson's house, it is reported, there was a party for the Red Cross. A New Yorker with a bank account bought a kiss from Marlene Dietrich for

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GOINGS ON

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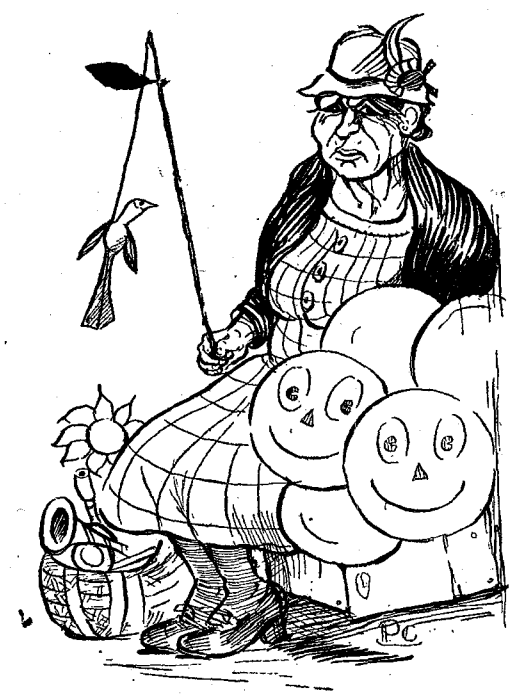
$1,025. Not that it wasn't worth it. But the Red Cross is doing more than this in Hollywood. The kiss from Dietrich was just a gag. So are the horse races they throw at Ciro's, bistro with the boudoir atmosphere. More serious was a recent two-hour broadcast for the Red Cross over all Los Angeles radio stations—the same stations that refused to *sell* time to the American Peace Crusade. Film stars galore participated, not particularly because they wanted to, but the contract says to follow the boss's orders. Boss says, "Do a Red Cross program." Actor does a Red Cross program. Even Shirley Temple. Were the Red Cross merely a relief organization this activity would be highly laudable. But, as is well known, the Red Cross is a semigovernmental agency which serves definite political ends. It is not neutral, but pro-Allied.

The actors are being dragooned as they were in the last war. The Red Cross is not being sold as the military organization it is, with all nurses bound to a military oath. It is being sold as a non-partisan organization.

In the last war actors and directors sold Liberty Bonds. The bosses will try the same stunt this war, and maybe it will work. But questions about the Red Cross are being asked these days. The actors must find the answer and find it quickly. The profession has a place—in the ranks of peace.

Herbert Biberman, a fine director, knows this. His job now is selling peace and democracy to the people and he's meeting with little or no sales resistance. He uses his fine, thundering voice in his position as the head of the American Peace Crusade. The Crusade was formed a few weeks ago at a mass meeting of eighteen thousand people. Now there are more than eight hundred peace captains in Los Angeles and Hollywood. It's door-to-door work. Herbert Biberman says this is the thing Hollywood has to sell, but it's not a *Hollywood* Peace Crusade. It must be a nationwide, integrated movement.

CHARLES GLENN.



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Strictly Personal by RUTH McKENNEY

STRICTLY PERSONAL BY RUTH MCKENNEY is the heading under which one of America's foremost literary figures contributes a column in NEW MASSES. Honesty rates hardly a blurb in the press these days. Intellectuals of the Mumford-MacLeish-Frank stripe are offering their convictions at auction. Faith in humanity's future is considered "subversive"—that's why at this particular moment NEW MASSES is proud to present Ruth McKenney's weekly page. To NEW MASSES readers, and thousands who are not yet readers, Ruth McKenney is known throughout the land for her book, *Industrial Valley*—a novel that will be long remembered for its dramatic action, its original style, its human compassion. The critics knew what they were talking about when they greeted it as a milestone in the literary history of the troubled thirties. America roared with laughter when her best seller, *My Sister Eileen,* hit the bookstalls. Ruth McKenney is the inimitable raconteur, the irrepressible commentator on the world-in-transition, a humorist without sugar coating. Her weekly column is one more excellent reason for following NEW MASSES this summer and after.

Continuing this week, and for some weeks to come, Joseph North, NEW MASSES editor, sends his post-election reports from Mexico City. Joseph Starobin discusses next week "How Canada Feels about the War," while Barbara Giles, NEW MASSES associate editor, travels to Memphis, Tenn., to cover the American Newspaper Guild convention, the first since Heywood Broun died.

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